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VOLUME LX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1892. NUMBER 40.

Poetry.

WHITTIER'S POEMS.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to him is day,
And the end he knoweth,
And not as a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest:
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast!

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on
And he can do no wrong.

No offering of my own I have
Nor works my faith to prove,
I can but give the gifts he gave
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ears are answerless:
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter falls and systems fall
And every symbol wanes;
The spirit overbrooding all,
Eternal love remains.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves the best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

RUSTLING CORN.

When the long, bright day is done
And the last rays of the sun
With a fading light the hill-tops fair adorn,
It is sweet to rest awhile,
And a moment to beguile,
In listening to the rustling of the corn.

Oh, that music soft and low,
When the summer breezes blow,
Bringing back the happy scenes of childhood's morn
When through all the summer day
I have wiled the hours away
Playing hide and seek amid the rustling corn!

Through the dim, uncertain light,
I can see the phantom bright
Of a loved one who, in childhood's rosy morn,
From our home was called away,
And her shout and laughter gay
Seems to echo faintly through the rustling corn.

Like a dream those pleasures flew,
With the years returned anew;
Little ones within my cottage home were born,
And once more I hear the shout,
See the running in and out,
Happy children hiding in the rustling corn.

Many years have passed away,
And my hair is turning gray,
Gone are all the loved ones of life's rosy morn,
But I feel their presence near,
Long-forgotten voices hear,
While I listen to the rustling of the corn.
—Boston Transcript.

THE TIDE GOES OUT.

The tide goes out, and in the sky
Birds lackadaisically fly;
The sun stares on the stony street,
And makes one's rubber shoe-clad feet
Feel miserably hot and dry.

If on the distant sea you'd spy
The shining sails, it hurts your eye;
And still, regardless of the heat,
The tide goes out.

Each minute passes slowly by,
And people pant and puff and sigh,
And while for breezes all entreat—
For unanimity's complete—
That seaward smells exceedingly high—
The tide goes out.
—Truth.

Miscellany.

WITH THE WAGON TRAIN.

The Cavalry Corps a Tells of An Indian Attack.

Twenty army wagons and their drivers—fifty cavalrymen from Troop E—a pull of 90 miles across the Indian country. Yes, we shall be attacked by the hostiles. They will not let such an opportunity pass. They can muster four to one, even if we counted in the teamsters. Col. Blank at the new post to which we were bound, had written to Capt. White, who was to command the train.

"My wife is to come out with you. See that my previous instructions are carried out. She knows what they are."

And we had not marched an hour when Capt. White sent for me and said:

"Corporal, you will act as a special guard over the third wagon."

"Very well, sir."

"The colonel's wife is in that wagon, as you probably know."

"Yes, sir."

"In case the Indians are too strong for us, they must not find her alive. That's all."

I rode back to the third wagon and placed my horse at the nigh fore wheel, and lifted my cap to the lady, who had been provided with a comfortable seat by herself. She was a little bit of a woman, not over 25 years old, and married to the colonel only two years before. She looked at me out of her big blue eyes and smiled, but she could not steady her voice as she leaned forward and inquired:

"Corporal, do you—you think we shall be attacked?"

"Quite likely, ma'am, but we may squeeze through."

"And if attacked, and you can't beat the Indians off, you—"

"I have the captain's orders, ma'am."

"Yes; very well."

We both understood. I had been especially detailed to kill her if I saw that we were to be wiped out! The thought of it made me dizzy as I rode along. Now and then I glanced up at her to find her face white and her eyes anxiously searching the horizon. I had my orders and was there to obey them, but could I do it? If I was the last living man of that train, could I raise my carbine and become her murderer?

At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the second day out we saw a dozen mounted Indians on a ridge to the right, and closed up the train. To the left were a succession of ridges, and if there was any force of hostiles about they were hidden behind them. The colonel's wife was once of the first to discover the Indians at the right. She was looking at me as I glanced up.

"We shall be attacked?" she queried.

"Within ten minutes, ma'am."

"Well, you—you—"

"Yes'm, but I hope we shall beat them off."

The redskins on the right now began to ride to and fro and whoop and yell and seek to draw our attention and force the train to halt. Orders had been given the day before to keep moving in case of attack. In closing up the wagons had doubled the line, leaving two abreast. The horsemen fell into their places at once—twenty on a side, five in front and five in rear. Some of the teamsters had carbines while all had revolvers. Half a mile beyond where we had seen the first Indian the attack was made, and it was a bold one. As we came opposite a valley running back into the ridges a hundred or more Indians came charging down upon us. The valley was just about as wide as the train was long, and therefore the twenty of us on that side had a chance at the reds as they came on in a mob, shooting, shouting and seemingly determined to ride over us.

"Corporal!"

It was the voice of the colonel's wife, just as we were preparing to fire.

"Yes'm, I remember." I replied as I lowered my carbine to look up at her.

We poured the fire of our carbines into the charging mass, and checked its rush. The Indians then passed to our front and rear, so as to assail us on all sides. There were fully three hundred of them, and had the train halted but for a minute they would have had us wiped out. A part of them had been ordered to fire only at the mules attached to the wagons. As they kept moving along, three or four were struck and none disabled.

"Corporal!"

There was fighting on front and rear and both sides, and the bullets were flying about us in a spiteful way. Five had passed through the cover of the wagon beside me.

It was the colonel's wife calling to me. I looked up into her white face and she gasped:

"Corporal, are you going to—to—"

"Not yet—we are holding our own!" I replied as I turned to open fire again.

We were gradually getting out of the trap. Further on the ground was open and to our advantage. The Indian always does his best fighting at the start. Here and there we had a man wounded, but there was no confusion—no halting. Whenever they gathered as if to charge we opened fire on the spot, and scattered them. Our fire was rapid and well sustained, and at the end of a quarter of an hour we had them beaten. We were just drawing clear of the ridge when a bullet struck the third wagon teamster in the shoulder, and he fell forward on his saddle. It happened right under the eyes of the colonel's wife, and she called to me:

"Corporal, obey your orders!"

She had her hands over her face so that she might not see me as I raised my gun. The next few seconds must have been terrible.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but the reds are drawing off, and the victory is ours."

She dropped her hands and stared at me for a minute as if she could not comprehend. Then she fell back in a dead faint, and it was a long half hour before her blue eyes opened to the sunshine again. A week later at the new post, Col. Blank called me in and asked:

"Corporal, weren't you ordered to shoot Mrs. Blank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why didn't you do it, he sternly demanded.

"I—I was going to, but—"

"But what, sir? It was gross disobedience of orders, and you are no longer a corporal."

But that was the old martinet's way of promoting me to a sergeancy.—New York Sun.

PUNISHING CROCODILES.

When They Kill a Man, Mohammedans Put Them to Death.

Mohammedans believe that crocodiles are especially protected by Allah, and that it is wicked to kill one of them, except for just cause. Also that their great protector has strictly forbidden them to eat his human children, and it is only the wicked and worthless ones who disobey his command. When a man, therefore, has been devoured by a crocodile, a professional enchanter is sent for to try the cannibal murderer, and carry out the sentence of death, as well as to warn the other crocodiles.

This is a great event, and crowds always gather to witness the ceremony, which takes place near a swamp infested by crocodiles. The enchanter, usually an old native, has a great deal to say, first to the spectators, and afterward to the reptiles. When he has related to his audience the whole story of this particular crocodile's crime, he utters a long, shrill cry, and then sings a monotonous song, to which he beats time with his hands. This is all repeated several times, while the magician bows his head to the east and west.

The people are almost breathless with expectation; and at last there is a movement in the water. Two pieces of burnt wood seems to rise to the surface, and are joined from another point by others, the enchanter repeating his cry all the time, and the dark objects moving forward as long as it lasts. When close to the beach, they seem to be drawn up in military style, with their heads, and here and there a great scaly back, quite out of the water. Slowly and solemnly the magician now begins a dance along the line, muttering to each one in turn of his virtues and various good deeds, and assuring him that Allah was well-satisfied with his conduct.

But on approaching the criminal things are quite changed, says Harper's Young People, and a thick hide seems a fortunate protection against such wholesale abuse. This particular crocodile is made out to be more wicked than any other of his tribe that ever existed. He has been warned and warned in vain, and now a just punishment will no longer be delayed. The creature really seems to understand this unfavorable opinion of him for he squirms about uneasily, and prepares to retire into private life under the water. But this only makes his eye on him, and utters his shrill cry louder than ever, which arrests the misbehaving crocodile at once.

Several natives now appear with food for these animated logs, and an especial piece of meat with a shark hook concealed in it for the doomed one. It is generally swallowed, and the enchanter makes a signal for the Malays to draw in the rope to which the hook is attached, slowly at first, while he addresses a lecture to the other crocodiles on the folly of leading an evil life. Another sign, and the offender is dragged out of the water by the ready natives, in spite of its struggles, while its throat is cut by the conjurer himself.

The well-behaved companions of the criminal now quietly retire into deep water, apparently with the unanimous verdict of "served him right."

BRAVE LADIES OF VIENNA

Have Declared Their Independence of Tyrannical Paris Modes.

The fair Viennese are growing weary of the tyranny of la mode de Paris, and propose to set the fashions in future for themselves. Why, they question with reason, should we wear a particular color or a special cut, because Parisian milliners say it is the proper thing? There seems to be widespread discontent, not to say revolution, in this respect in fashion's realm. Only Parisian women are serfs—imitators of the mode, wear unquestioningly what the mysterious on dit of the oracle commands. In London, French fashions are modified until scarcely recognizable to their own designers. Particularly is this true among American women, whose skill in the adaptation and manipulation of modes to suit various styles of beauty is quite equal to the fertility of French invention, and results in an originality, individuality and harmony in dress unknown even at the great dress center, Paris, the home beautiful of costume.

She Could Listen to It.

Mrs. Gadder—I'm happy to inform you that I have been converted—got religion, as they say.

Mrs. Tawker—I'm glad, and yet I'm rather disappointed, too.

Mrs. Gadder—Why so?

Mrs. Tawker—Because I had a choice piece of scandal to tell you and now I suppose it won't do for you to listen to it.

Mrs. Gadder—Oh, go on and tell it. I'm not to be baptized till next Sunday.—New York Press.

The Danger of Delay.

"George!" she screamed. "My neck!"

"What's the matter?"

"There's a pillacatter—"

"A what?"

"A tappekiller—"

"What in the world do you mean?"

"Oh, dear," she moaned, as she clutched him frantically. "A kitterpaller! You know, George! A patterkiller!"

"Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he proceeded to brush the future butterfly away.—Life.

Afterthought.

She (quizzingly)—So you married her after saying her life?

He—Yes.

She—And I understand that she is very rich?

He—Yes.

She—How lucky for you!

He—Yes—but think how lucky it would have been for me if I had been married to her before she feel overboard.—N. Y. Hrald.

A Child's Question.

Tommy—Pa, may I ask you a question?

Pa—Certainly, my child.

Tommy—Well, where is the wind when it does not blow?—Texas Siftings.

A STARTLING EXPERIENCE.

How a Bear Broke Up a Pike County Fishing Party for Good.

Dr. Richards, of this city, and George Sherman, Milton Petty and Will Richards, of Milwaukee, met with an experience that nearly scared the life out of them while camping at Promised Land pond in the woods of Pike county, one night last week. They carried no firearms, with the exception of a revolver of small calibre that belonged to Mr. Sherman. They camped at the pond several days and caught large quantities of fish, but constantly regretted that they had not taken their guns with them, as wild ducks fairly swarmed upon the water. They also saw a number of deer come down to the edge of the pond to drink.

But the night before they broke camp was when they met with their most startling experience. They had been fishing all day and being fatigued retired early to their tent and were soon sleeping the sleep of honest fishermen who never tell a lie about the number of fish they catch. Some time in the night, however, they were awakened by the terrific snarling of some animal that was savagely tearing the canvas of the tent.

"Great gosh, it's a bear!" exclaimed Dr. Richards, as he retreated to a far corner of the frail habitation. All were scared, for the bear kept up his ferocious growling as if intent on mischief of the worst kind. Finally he succeeded in tearing away nearly all of the canvas on the side of the tent and as his form loomed up before the terrified fishermen he appeared to their distorted vision to be as big as an ox or bigger.

Suddenly Mr. Sherman thought of his revolver, and drawing it from his pocket he began to pepper Bruin. At the first shot the bear reared up on his hind legs and stood like a statue until half a dozen leaden pellets had been pumped against his body, when he got down on all fours and unconcernedly shambled away, much to the relief of the entire party, who the next morning hitched up their team and returned with all haste to the land of civilization.—Scranton Tribune.

WHERE THE DAY BEGINS.

How That Much-Discussed Question Has Been Settled.

It is now Saturday here; it is still Friday in China because the sun has not yet risen there on the day that we are now enjoying, says the Argosy. Or, is it not Saturday there? Why should it not have been Saturday in China when the sun last rose? Then, as its light travels from east to west, traversing Europe, the ocean and America, it would have brought Saturday along with it; and, when it again rises on the country of the Mongols, it would bring Sunday.

As to whether it is Friday or Sunday on the other side of the earth depends upon where the day begins, and scientific men finally came to an agreement on a definite spot, where, by common consent, the sun should rise on a new day for the whole world.

The spot is Easter island, in the Pacific ocean, west of Chili. There the day is deemed to end and begin. When the sun rises on Easter island it brings (let us say) Monday with it, and this Monday accompanies the sun all around the globe until that orb again reaches the mid-ocean island, when at once Tuesday dawns for the whole world.

Thus, if it be Saturday at sunset here, it will be Sunday about sunrise in China, and though we may be ahead of the Celestial empire in the achievements of science and the development of civilization, they beat us by a day in time and are already up in the morning hours before us.

BUFFALO IN THE EAST.

Austin Corbin's Successful Farm in New Hampshire.

Austin Corbin's huge game park in New Hampshire is a success chiefly in relation to the breeding of the animals. For the new environment it can hardly be called captivity when the animals are at liberty to wander at their own sweet will over 28,000 acres of woodland, hill and valley.

Of the 22 buffalo which were put in about a year ago, eight of the cows are now in calf, and two young have been added to the herd. The elk, which bred to a limited extent on Mr. Corbin's Long Island estate, have found their mountainous New Hampshire home more to their liking, and have already increased 50 per cent. Next to the elk, the most accurate account has been kept of the moose, who, unlike their prototypes in Maine, go in pairs at certain seasons. The other animals are also increasing.

While in London two years since Mr. Corbin bought 20,000 hawthorn trees. Four thousand of these have been planted this spring. They are for the purpose of forming a hedge strong enough to prevent the buffalo and other large animals from getting out. The deer, of which there are two varieties, the white and black, is used very extensively for inclosing the game parks of England and Europe. There will be no hunting in the park at present, though in future years when the animals have multiplied beyond the resources of their domain, it is possible that Mr. Corbin may adopt this method of thinning them out. It is sufficient to say that the park is not designed for hunting. Neither is it primarily intended for scientific research into the habits, breeding, etc. of the various animals.

The development of Mr. Corbin's game park enterprise is being watched with decided interest by sportsmen and naturalists. Success in New Hampshire, when it shall have been demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt, will prompt similar enterprises in other parts of the country. While much interest is being felt in the introduction of foreign species, Americans are most concerned with the successful conservation of bands of American big game—the elk and the antelope and the buffalo.—Forest and Stream.

A MONKEY AND PARROT TIME.

Can That be Signified by Giving Live Animals as Bridal Presents?

There is a growing English fashion in the giving of bridal presents of which we may expect to get the benefit presently, for what the English do we do, and that is the custom of presenting live animals of value to the wedded pair. Dogs and horses have figured conspicuously in the list of bridal gifts for the past year, saddle horses and colts, even cattle sometimes being sometimes selected by friends. The queen set the seal of approval upon the fashion by presenting among her many gifts to her maid of honor, Miss Adeline Hoffman, a white mule of great beauty and most courteous manner. So now we may be prepared to have kittens and parrots, not to say tame monkeys and broncos, and other varieties of the "elephant on our hands" along with the other cares of married life. And fancy the confusion of displaying the bridal presents when they include mice, kittens, and a dozen dogs, two or three parrots and a Shetland pony.

What He Didn't See.

A man with a sign "I am blind" was on Fourteenth street, New York, begging. A gentleman took out his purse and approaching the unfortunate man said:

"If you can give me change for a dollar I'll give you a dime."

The blind man felt in his pocket and produced 90 cents, which he handed over and received the dollar.

"You are foolish to give that man a dime. He is not blind," said a friend.

"Well, I'm not such a blamed fool after all. The dollar bill was just a little queer. The blind man did not see as much as he thought he did."—Texas Siftings.

Hunting the Brain.

Chappie (faintly)—Doctah, my aw-head feels awful. Does grip evah go to the brain?

Doctor—Sometimes.

Chappie—I have pains rushin' around all ovah, in me arms, and hands, and feet, and everywhere.

Doctor—That's grip.

Chappie—What's it trying to do, doctah?

Doctor—Trying to find your brain, I guess.—New York Weekly.

He Had Learned to Count.

"They tell me you have learned to count, Robbie," said a pious old lady to her little grandson, who was paying her a visit out in the country.

"Course I can," answered Robbie; "listen: One, two, three, four, five, six—"

"That's right," said the old lady, encouragingly, "go on!"

"Seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king!"—Hartford Post.

The Moral Hero.

Mother—Why don't you play with that little Peterkin boy any more?

Small Son—Cause he swore.

Mother—Horrors! Did he?

Son—Yes'm. He swore I stole his knife, and teacher made me give it back and licked me besides.—Good News.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNWELCOME MONITOR.

Lide had lost all hope of Tom's salvation from the drink habit since that last desperate effort she had made in his behalf, and yet the news that Tom was dead fell like a thunderbolt upon her. Her father brought the news one morning upon his return from the post-office.

"Tom dead!" she exclaimed. "It can not be possible. I saw him only a day or two ago."

"It is quite true," Professor McElroy answered. "He died last night at 1 o'clock. His folks kept the matter quiet until it was all over."

"Why should they do that?" looking at him strangely.

"Because poor Tom died of delirium tremens."

"Delirium tremens? And only twenty-six? Papa, it is murder, and somebody is responsible for it!" She spoke earnestly, and her countenance and manner showed how deeply she was moved by the news and its import.

"It comes very near to it, my child," her father answered. "It is one of the social crimes that come rather close home to a great many people. A Christian nation should find some way of avoiding such things, and we will not be guilty of them when we have once imbibed the true spirit of Christianity."

"But that will be too late to save Tom, and a dozen others in Daleboro who might as well be where Tom is. And people do not seem to care. Oh, papa, will it ever end?"

"Not while people are willing to give their first born sons to pay the penalty of their thoughtless neglect."

"I wonder if Judge Bement really cares for anything besides the disgrace of it," Lide asked, with contracted brows.

"His wife surely does," her father said.

"Poor Mrs. Bement!" Lide exclaimed, the tears coming into her eyes. "The suffering of the mothers and wives is the worst part of it. And Fred, too. It must be horrible for him and his mother. I wish I could help them in some way. Papa, what shall I do?"

"Whatever your heart dictates, my daughter," he answered, remembering the sneer to which Lide had once subjected herself.

"Then I will go at once," she said. "But I hope I shall not see his father. I should feel like turning my back upon him."

"You must treat him civilly, Lide."

"Oh, I shall do that, never fear. I think I can promise that. I do not often break my promises to you," she added, with a mournful smile.

"Do you ever?" he asked.

"Papa, I offered to marry Tom three weeks ago."

He looked at her strangely, almost sternly. "How could you do that, Lide?" he inquired.

"It was on the condition that he would be a true man for one year. But he would not have me, papa." She smiled a little, sadly.

Professor McElroy turned upon his heel and walked away, but whether in anger or in pity, his countenance did not reveal. A little later Lide put on her hat and went out, and after a vacillating turn about the streets, went up to Judge Bement's door, and rang the bell.

Fred had seen her coming, and he answered the bell himself. "Lide," he said, forgetting for the moment to address her in a more formal manner, "it is good of you to come."

"Oh, Fred!" she exclaimed, as she shook hands with him. "How hard it must be for—you all. I am so sorry. Please do not take me in there," she added, glancing through the open doorway of the parlor, where a number of the neighbors were gathered. The deliberate, measured voice of Judge Bement could be heard within, rehearsing the good qualities of his son. "Is your mother in there? I wanted to see her."

"No. Come this way," he said, leading the way upstairs. Knocking at the door of his mother's room, he entered. "It is Lide McElroy, mother," he said. "I knew that you would be glad to see her, and so I brought her right up."

Mrs. Bement sat in a low rocking chair, apparently stunned by her grief, and Lide immediately went and knelt by her side. "Dear Mrs. Bement," she said. "I am so sorry. Will you let me comfort you if I can?"

The tears began to come into the stony eyes. The rebellion in her heart, not against God, but against man, because of the loss of her son, had been so great that she had not even the relief of tears in her grief. But now she bent forward, and placing an arm about her comforter, she leaned her head upon Lide's shoulder and burst into tears. Fred, seeing that her grief had at last found its outlet, quietly withdrew, and left the two women together.

An hour afterwards he returned and found Lide sitting by his mother's side, and the two conversing together in quiet tones. A hand of Lide's was closely held in one of his mother's, and there was in his mother's face a quieter look of resignation.

"Fred come here and sit down with me," she said to him, indicating a place upon the other side from the one where Lide was sitting. "You are all I have left now, except your Aunt Eunice, and I want you near me."

Lide noticed the omission of any reference to her husband, and she wondered if love and sympathy between them was really at an end. She would have arisen and have left mother and son together, but Mrs. Bement held her firmly.

"Don't go, please," she said, looking up into Lide's face appealingly. "I can not let you go yet. You have comforted me so much!"

Fred sat down and his mother took one of his hands in her disengaged one, and then leaned back in her chair with closed eyelids. Fred and Lide glancing at her in kindly sympathy, looked at each other and Lide's eyelids fell. She began to be dimly conscious of the fact that that human bond was not the only one between them.

"Have you heard from Eunice?" Mrs. Bement asked without opening her eyes.

"Yes, mother. I have just received her telegram," he said, displaying the crumpled paper in his hand. "She is coming back. She will probably be here to-morrow morning."

"I am glad of that," she said, looking at him longingly. "I never felt so much alone before. Fred, I have thanked God every day since you were old enough to be tempted, that you had strength enough to resist. God has given me one true son."

"Tom would have been true, too, mother, if it had not been for that fearful appetite," Fred said.

A spasm of pain passed over her countenance. "Tom was like his father in that," she said. "He never could believe that I knew what was manly and noble for him. Samuel did not realize it, perhaps, but in letting Tom see his habits and imitate them because he thought what father did was manly, he was sending a knife into my heart every day of his life. But the worst is over now. There is no use in condemning any one. One son is left to me, Fred!" she exclaimed in sudden vehemence, "there is no danger of it, but if you should ever touch a glass of that accursed stuff, you would kill me!"

"I never will, mother!" Fred answered. "I wish father could see it in the right light. He has done his worst by Tom, but there are others yet who will be led to drink because Judge Bement sets them the example. Do not stop me, mother. It is God's truth, and I will not disguise it, even to spare my own father."

Lide looked at him in a strange, questioning way. Was this the Fred Bement of a year ago? He was becoming almost as earnest as herself upon the temperance question. Her own lips were sealed, of course, but they soon commenced to talk of other matters, and she then took her full part in the conversation.

"Now I must go, Mrs. Bement," she said at length, pressing the hand that lay within her own and started up. Mrs. Bement seemed loth to let the hand go. She looked up into her young friend's face in an imploring way. "Lide, be good to an old woman, won't you?" she asked, significantly. She longed for the right to that sympathy which Lide had bestowed upon her so freely.

The blushes came into Lide's face. She had not thought that the question, which she felt that she would be compelled to answer some time, would come from such a source and in such a way. For answer she stooped and kissed the upturned lips, and then turned hurriedly away. Fred would have arisen, but she motioned him back, and found her own way out of the door and down the stairs.

At the foot of the stairs she ran upon Judge Bement, who was just coming out of of the parlor door with some of those who had called. She bowed to him coldly, and made a dash for the door, and disappeared before he could reach it to open it for her. Fred's words, "Others will learn to drink because of his example," rang in her ears, and for the moment her thoughts of him were far from flattering. "How can he do it," she asked herself, "when he knows so well by experience what the result will be?"

The next day Miss Graham came, and Lide and her father both called at Judge Bement's. The judge himself was not at home, and what might have been an uncomfortable interview between the two men was therefore avoided. Miss Eunice met her lover modestly, but heartily, and Lide took her into her arms. "I never knew I loved him so until I heard that he was dead," she said. "He was so kind and good-hearted when he was himself."

Lide wondered what she would have thought of her own love for Tom Bement if she had known all that had transpired between them three weeks before. But she answered her friend simply. "He seemed almost like a brother to me," she said. "We were together so much during our school days."

Mrs. Bement asked to be excused from coming down, but she sent for Lide to come up to her room, and Miss Eunice went up with her. There was a questioning look in Mrs. Bement's eyes as she shook hands with Lide, and received her kiss of sympathy, but Lide's face was a non-committal one. If there was any secret in her heart of hearts, she was not ready to reveal it to any one yet, least of all to Fred or to his mother. They sat down and talked for a little while, and then Lide excused herself to Mrs. Bement, and she and Miss Eunice returned to the parlor.

They all went together into the darkened room where all that Death had left of Tom Bement lay in its gloomy casket. Lide looked a little defiantly at her father as she stooped and kissed Tom's cold lips. He was a brother to her still, and she did not in the least regret anything she had done, or tried to do for him. Fred looked at her curiously, for he could not fully understand some mysterious hints which Tom himself had let drop. But if he had known everything she would have been raised the higher in his flattering estimation.

"You will come and spend a day with me before you go back?" Lide asked of Miss Eunice, as they were parting.

"I think that I can promise that much," Miss Eunice said, with a conscious smile.

"Fred can come in the evening, and bring you home," Lide continued, turning to Fred.

"I shall be at your service," he answered, smiling. He was thinking of what had transpired in the room above the day before.

"O, no, you will not," she answered, quickly. "You will be at your aunt's service, not mine." There was little danger that she would propose to Tom's brother!

"Then I am to come at 9 o'clock, I suppose," he said, the smile dying out of his countenance.

"You may come at 5, and take tea with us," she answered him, with a relenting smile.

As Lide and her father passed along the street near Judge Bement's office, they caught a sight of the judge himself, coming out of a neighboring saloon. He had for some reason found his office with its crape closed door, a pleasanter place than his own home. But even here the old habit had driven him out in search of liquid refreshment. As he saw the two approaching, he half stopped, but remembering that to retreat would place him in a still more unfavorable light, he thought better, and kept on. It seemed to be his fate to meet Lide under the least favorable circumstances, and as Lide was not an adept at concealing her feelings, these meetings were peculiarly unpleasant to him. Just now Lide was wondering if she could ever call Judge Bement "father," and the thought not only sent Fred's chances of winning her down to zero, but it had its unpleasant effects upon the judge himself. He returned the salutation of Professor McElroy civilly, but his thoughts were hardly civil toward the professor's daughter. "Damn that girl!" he mentally ejaculated. "She is everywhere about when she isn't wanted!"

Meanwhile the preparations for Tom Bement's funeral were going on. If the judge had failed in any parental duty toward his son in his lifetime, he would at least bury him well. No expense was spared, nor was there any detail of the arrangements neglected. He would have had the funeral services held at the church, but Fred and his mother made such decided protest to this that he was compelled to give up the idea. But he would not be hampered in other respects. He was resolved that there should be no chance left, in this particular, for the charge that he had not done his full duty toward Tom.

The house was filled to overflowing at the funeral service. Many of those who had never honored Tom in his lifetime were attracted by a morbid curiosity to his funeral. There were some true friends present, and more who had been false ones, and yet the real mourners were few. Lide fully realized this as she looked around and saw, rather than heard, the whispered comments of those about her. She had been with Mrs. Bement and her sister that morning, and they would gladly have had her near them at the public service, but as the simple fact of her sitting with them would have set the gossips' tongues to wagging unpleasantly, she and her father both preferred to mingle with those who came in a more casual way.

After the service, Lide and her friend Sadie were with a group of ladies outside of the house, who were waiting while poor Tom was being taken from his earthly home for the last time. A number of Tom's old companions stood a little behind them, and were looking on with an air of affected indifference. Some of them already felt the bonds of appetite being drawn closely about them, but with the fatal self-confidence of all drinking men, they fancied that they were still very far from occupying Tom's position. All of them realized, perhaps, that they had had some complicity in this social tragedy, and for that reason they were the more inclined to justify themselves by laying the blame entirely upon Tom himself.

Lide listened to their innuendoes against her friend until she was internally raging. One of the young men in particular, seemed to arouse her indignation. "Tom was a first rate good fellow," he was saying, in a louder tone than was necessary for those to whom it was apparently addressed, "but he was a fool after all. He was his own worst enemy."

"That is not true, Ed. Holbrook, and you know it," Lide exclaimed, turning to Tom's traducer and speaking in a low, incisive tone. "His first enemy was the one who tempted him to drink the first time, and the last time, also. He told me all about it three weeks ago. And now because he has outrun you a little, you call him a fool!"

"He needn't have drank unless he wanted to," young Holbrook said sneeringly, in self-defense.

"No," she said, still speaking in a low, intense tone. "He only followed the example of those older than himself, his own father among the rest. You who think you are safe yourselves, tempt others to drink and go with them to the very brink of the precipice of drunkenness, and when they topple over, you sneer at them and call them fools! Tom tried his best to stop before it was too late, and it was your sneers that compelled him to go on. You were not satisfied to be the worst drunkard in Daleboro, and so when Tom's friends were away from him, you tempted him to commence drinking again. You can not deny it. There is but one name for you, and others like you, but I shall not apply it to you. I will let your own consciences do that!"

She turned away and walked over to where her father had been standing, a puzzled spectator of what had been passing. The young men whom she had left, blustered awhile among themselves, but as the atmosphere about them did not seem to be favorable to them, they slunk away as soon as they could do so without unseemly haste.

Lide had listened to the supposition and the question in a kittenly way, commenced purring and rubbing again with renewed vigor.

"You wouldn't, hey?" Lide said, smiling. "Well, Calamity, you are a sensible cat. I think you do the family credit."

"And Kitty," this time Lide had dropped upon the floor, and taking the cat in her hands, was talking into its ear—"if there were another man whom you liked the least little bit in the world, and he was just waiting for you to say 'Yes,' would you be cruel to him, too?"

Calamity rubbed her head against Lide's blushing cheek and commenced purring more loudly than ever.

"You precious Calamity," Lide exclaimed, ducking her head and rubbing it against kitty's side. "You are as good as a gypsy fortune teller. And your name goes by contraries, but your prophecies do not!"

Lide's dinner was a triumph of culinary art. Miss Eunice blushed guiltily when commanded to it, for she had quite forgotten her promise to assist in its preparation. "Why did you not come for me to help you?" she asked.

"And leave papa to enjoy his holiday all alone?" Lide said. "He has been working and scheming for it for two days, and I did not have the heart to disappoint him."

Miss Eunice's answer was a rosy smile. "And you, it seems, have been scheming for a workday for yourself, you wicked plotter. I have found out that your Aunt Sally's Aunt Sarah is not as sick as you led me to believe."

Lide laughed pleasantly, but the bus- of sitting down to the table made it unnecessary for her to answer. She had her own purposes in regard to the manner in which the day was to be spent, and they were not all in the interest of Miss Eunice or of her father.

The little dinner party was a merry one, and when it was over, Lide produced the big apron and Miss Eunice gladly helped her in the after-dinner work. In the afternoon the kitchen gown was exchanged for one a little better, and Lide became the hostess once more. But there was still in her costume the suggestion of homely, housewifely duties. For some reason she seemed to be determined to make this idea a prominent one in her character for the day.

Fred Bement came at the appointed time, and Lide soon had the preparations for supper complete. She presided at the table with a pretty grace that quite enchanted Fred. He had never seen his divinity in the throne chair of her kingdom before, but he could easily transfer the scene in his imagination to a future home, where he should be something more than a guest. He had no idea, however, whether this homely air-castle would ever come down to the earth and become founded upon the rock of certainty. He began to realize that in establishing himself as an acknowledged, but unwelcome suitor, he had laid up for himself a large store of blissful misery.

"What did you do with my apron?" Miss Eunice asked, when at last they arisen from the table. They were still standing around in a state of uncertainty in regard to the disposition that was to be made of them. The queen of the household had not yet spoken.

"Wait and I will bring it to you," Lide said, going into the sewing-room, close at hand. She hurriedly put on her own kitchen vestment, and then came forward with the desired apron in her hand. "Let me put it on for you," she said, in an authoritative way. But she quickly passed by Miss Eunice, and in a moment afterwards was pinning the apron upon the lapels of Fred's coat. She then turned him about, with a little push, and tied the apron strings behind him.

Fred looked on in a sheepish and yet a happy way. He was quite ready to help even in kitchen duties, if it could be in Lide's company. "Is this what you call tying a man to your apron strings?" he asked.

"Yes," Lide answered, laughing.

"What are you going to do with me, now that I am bound?"

"Make you wipe the dishes," she declared.

"Are they insured?"

"Oh, yes! If any are broken Mr. Fred Bement will pay for them. And now, Eunice, you must take papa into the parlor," she said, turning to Miss Graham. "I am sure Fred will not be able to do his work properly while he is looking on." And with a merry insistence she drove them away and shut the doors upon them.

Fred did his work awkwardly at first, but Lide became his patient teacher, and the happy youngster took pains to do his teacher credit. She managed to pay him in one way or another for the rather menial work she was putting upon him, but that was hardly necessary, for the privilege of the work itself was double pay for him.

Tom was quite forgotten for the moment. The human heart forgets so easily, or else it remembers so tenaciously! When even the king is dead, the living king fills the whole heart and mind. But there was one woman in black, sitting in her lonely room, who did not forget, and could not.

"I am training you for Sadie's especial benefit," Lide said to her helper, mischievously.

"Very well," he said, reading Lide for Sadie. "I shall try to do my teacher credit, whether it is for Sadie Young, or if the queen of the Cannibal islands."

Lide frowned at him through her smiles. "Did you mean that last horrible expression to refer to me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Are you not slowly devouring me without mercy?"

The smiles died out of her countenance, leaving the frowns regnant. And yet when the dishes were done, she added to bring the fellow to hand. Fastening the anchored end even more firmly he proceeded slowly to draw up on the beach the other end. As the shark came into the shallow water it struggled more and more furiously to get out into the deep channel. Several times it looked as if the shark would be the victor in the fight, but the Indian hitched the rope around a large tree and kept every inch that he gained. Whenever the shark would become quiet for a moment, the Indian would pull in a few more feet of the net. At last the shark was within reach of the latter, and he waded in and thrust a long knife into its vitals. The fish seemed but very little disturbed by the wounds it received, and the Indian must have struck it fifty different places before it began to show signs of yielding. After about two hours of struggling, during which the water for yards around became red with blood, the shark yielded to its fate and was drawn on the beach. When measured it was found to be sixteen feet long, and its weight was 1,500 pounds. A seal and a sturgeon, partly digested, were found in the stomach. The Indians took the teeth of the sharks and seized upon the teeth, which they use in making necklaces.—Seattle Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHE DIDN'T MOURN.

Wanted Proof of Her Husband's Death to Avoid a Divorce.

She walked timidly into the coroner's office, leading by the hand a little boy, says the Chicago News.

"Where do you keep the pictures of the dead men?" she inquired in broken English of the man behind the wicket.

"I want to look for my husband."

A bulky package of photographs of the "unknown" was handed to her.

She sat down on a chair and commenced her sad task. She scanned each grewsome picture carefully, endeavoring to find the well-known face. The happy youngster picked up each portrait with a cry of "That's him!" and succeeded in discovering at least twenty "hims" before his mother had finished the package.

One of those sympathetic souls entered and wiped the sorrowing widow. After a few questions he assisted her in her search, saying: "You must feel very deeply the loss of your husband."

"Oh, it isn't that so much. I haven't seen him for a year, and if he is dead I don't want to go to the expense of getting a divorce."

PAJAMAS FOR SLUMBER ROBES

Swagger Girl Has Adopted Them in Place of the Filmy Frilled Gown.

The most absurd thing the swagger girl has done yet is the adoption of pajamas for a slumber garment. Of course, this change has been premeditated and brought about by degrees. Last spring, when she packed her trunk for the seashore, she gave away the filmy frilled gowns, berthe boas and lingerie hats to which she had vowed the drowsy god, to some weak-minded girl friend who was contented to be just as pretty as the Lord made her, and hadn't any advanced notions in either white lingerie and in their place the smart girl packed away the most severe and simple of garments made of fine linen or silk, but guiltless of needlework and innocent of ribbons, and cut with the purpose clear, she added a pocket and plait in front, according to the regulation night shirt model. Not satisfied with this she spreads her pinions and takes another flight toward freedom and equal rights in the wearing of pajamas made exactly like her brother's, and declares that just as soon as she lear

KOCH'S CHOLERA GERM

THE GREAT EXPEDITION TO INDIA

And Some of Its Accomplishments—How Bacilli From a Case of Asiatic Cholera Appear—Interesting Facts.

In 1883 the government of Germany sent an expedition out to India to study cholera by scientific methods. In the party was Koch, the celebrated bacteriologist, the prince of the "bug men," as they are called by their colleagues in pathology. And that is why we know so much about the microbe of the pest that is at present floating in New York bay trying to find a pleasant landing place. Prof. Koch, who we might say was born and bred with his eye at a microscope, went about the work of tracing the cause of the disease to its lair with the nonchalance of a Von Moltke in a small-sized scrimmage. Koch had no idea of catching the disease himself, and perhaps didn't care a rush whether he

BACILLI, FROM A CASE OF ASIATIC CHOLERA.

did or not, provided his experiments were first successful.

The professor went to work on diseased victims of the scourge, and dissecting them, took out parts of the contents of the intestines and mounting them on his microscope slides scrutinized them with his eagle eye. He saw among other things a microbe, or numbers of microbes rather, somewhat unlike other microbes he had seen, and assuming that these germs were the origin of the cholera disease, set about to prove his assumption by a series of experiments. This he succeeded in doing to his entire satisfaction, as well as to the satisfaction of the scientific world at large, and at once the "comma bacillus of Koch" became known all over the world. The word bacillus is from the Greek and means "rod." Ordinary bacilli are straight and resemble a straight rod, in fact, in the microscopic fluid. The bacilli that Koch found in the intestines of the cholera patients were are-like, resem-

CHOLERA BACILLI CULTURED.

bling a comma somewhat, and that is the name he gave to them. A little stretch of the imagination only is needed to see in the forms drawn in the accompanying illustrations a resemblance of the mark of punctuation for which they are called.

When seen in large groups these minute bodies are formed into spirals, each individual microbe forming a segment. Each are is three times as long as it is broad. As has been stated, it was Koch's desire to prove that in the new bacillus he had found the cause of cholera. To the unscientific mind the proof would lay in the reproduction of the disease in a healthy person by the introduction of the germs into the stomach and intestines. But this would not satisfy Koch. The scientific mind wants to be certain of every move it makes. Koch knew that if he could get a few of these bacilli, isolate them, cultivate them and increase their number; then from that crop isolate a few more, increase them in a similar manner; still again isolate and cultivate, and perhaps go as far as the fourth cultivated crop, then take some of the last crop and with them produce the disease in a healthy person, he could be pretty

FINKLER'S BACILLUS.

sure that he had put his finger on the cause of the Asiatic scourge. He found that they would liquefy gelatine and that they were easily affected by heat and dryness. He found that they developed very fast in ordinary temperatures on all nutritious substances having an alkaline reaction. In five days the crop is complete and the gelatine is all liquid. The bacilli live, according to Professor Koch's researches, a life of eight weeks. He cultivated them on potatoes and in bouillon. They live well and grow rapidly in sterilized milk and in sterilized water. In the latter they remain virulent for many months. In fresh water they live but a few days, because the myriads of bacilli and cocci and bacteria generally in it are destructive to their health. Professor Koch mixed a solution of watery aniline with the specimens and in this way brought them out clearly in the microscope as little bodies of a bright color.

It has probably occurred to the reader that Professor Koch must have found some difficulty in inducing any one to submit to his test for the genuineness of his cultivated microbes. It is known that animals are not subject to Asiatic cholera, but the bacterio'ogist found a

CHOLERA IN A DROP OF WATER.

way out of the difficulty. He took a guinea pig and gave it a dose of carbonate of soda to alkalinize the gastric juice. Then he injected opium into the peritoneal cavity of the guinea pig to stop the action of its bowels (peristaltic action it is called) and then fed that pig with food charged with a few hundred thousand or so of the cholera bacillus. The pig died in 48 hours, showing symptoms identical in many ways with those of human patients. The limit of Professor Koch's discovery is in the discovery of the bacillus. Not he or any other scientist has been able to find a remedy that will kill the germ and spare the patient. A good system of sewerage will do more to prevent contagion than anything else, for it is the cholerac discharges finding their way to the sources of drinking water that is the chief means of the disease's spreading. It is also contracted by handling infected clothes and introducing the germs by way of the fingers.

The microbe of Finkler resembles the cholera germ very much. It was found by Finkler in a cholera patient and he thought it identical with that of Koch, but it has since been found in healthy persons. It should be remembered that these micro-organisms are not animal. They are vegetable matter and rare among the army of microbes that is found everywhere in water. The groups of baccilli here shown are magnified about eight hundred times. The drawings are reproduced through the kindness of Dr. W. T. Belfield, of this city.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"Political Economy for American Youth," by Jacob Harris Patton, Ph. D., is published by A. Lovell & Co., No. 3 East Fourteenth street, New York city. It is a text book, and prepared especially for the instruction of those who are to be the law makers of the future.

"Rhythmical Gymnastics: Vocal and Physical," by Mary S. Thompson, is published by S. Werner, 28 West Twenty-third street, New York. The author was formerly first assistant to Prof. Lewis B. Monroe, in the Boston University School of Oratory, and is now teacher of elecution in several of the leading New York schools. This book is intended for the use of those in public life as well as those in private life.

"Practical Carriage Building" is a collection of articles compiled from contributions to "The Blacksmith and Wheelwright" by the editor of that journal. It includes the entire process, considering in detail every part from the making of the plan to the completion of the vehicle itself. It is fully illustrated. M. T. Richardson & Co., New York city, are the publishers.

"Small Talk About Business," by A. E. Rice, is published by the Fremont Publishing Co., Fremont, O. It is further described upon the title page as a banker's business hints for men and women. It is an excellent little book for those who do not thoroughly understand how to do matters of every-day business.

"Manhattan, Historic and Artistic" has two names, C. F. Ober and Cynthia M. Westover, upon its title page as authors of this little volume issued under the above title by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 47 East Tenth street, New York city. The object is to provide a guide book that will economize time for the sightseer, and this seems to have been done as perfectly as a volume of this size could do.

The leaders of university extension in this country have been quick to seize upon the two fundamental needs of the work. The latest publication is the "Hand-book of University Extension," a reprint of the monthly journal of the society, giving in its four hundred pages the fullest information on the purpose and methods of this system of instruction. The volume should be in the hands of every one interested in the progress of education in America. The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Philadelphia. Cloth, postpaid, $1.00.

"The Head of the Firm," is a novel by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 47 East Tenth street, New York. It is strongly written, showing how easily an upright life may become tainted gradually through lack of ability to say no.

"For the Sake of the Family," is a story by May Crommelin, author of "The Freak of Lady Fortune," etc., etc. It is published by Hovenden Co., 19 Waverly Place, New York City. The plot is a fairly good one and full of incident.

From Lovell, Gesterfeld & Co., East Twenty-third street, New York city, comes "Morial and Mahatma," by Mabel Collins, author of "The Blossom and the Fruit;" "Ida," etc. To those who have read this author's earlier works the present one will be a great disappointment. It is a jumble of occult and mysterious things, wild and improbable.

From J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, comes a new edition of the American Nomad which is one of the most popular ever published. Forty-one years ago "The Wide, Wide World" appeared, the author of which was Miss Susan Warner, who wrote under the pen name of Elizabeth Wetherell. As those know who have read it, it is a very realistic story of a little girl of 13. The style is exceedingly plain and simple, and still there is much of fascination in its pages. The book is prettily bound and handsomely illustrated.

Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York city, issue in their International Library a traslation of "Four Novelettes," by Theophile Gautier. It is an historical reminiscence, is strong, full of surprises and original in its plot. Two political schemes are introduced, one the restoration of the Indian Dynasty, and the other an organized effort to release Napoleon from his imprisonment at St. Helena.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, comes "People at Pisgah," by Edwin W. Sanborn. Pisgah in a town in Northern Vermont, a description being given of its peculiarities, in the course of the story.

One of the most attractive summer stories is "Gramercy Park," by John Seymour Wood. It is what may be called a society story, and a brilliant one. It depicts the life of a young couple, who, when married, have every prospect of unbroken happiness.

"Plain People" is a story of the Western Reserve by E. P. Branch, issued by the Publisher Printing Co., 120 East Fourteenth street, New York city. The scene is laid principally in the region about Lake Erie.

Some of the novels in paper covers received are the following.

In the "Broadway series," published by John A. Taylor & Co., New York city, are "A Modern Dick Whittington," by James Payn, author of "For Cash Only," etc., and "The Other Bond," by Dora Russell, author of "Footprints in the Snow," etc.

In the "Globe Library" is "Mr. and Mrs. Bewer," by Paul Lindan, author of "Helen Young," and "Tiomane," by Jacques Vincent. The first is a translation from the German; the second from the French. Both are from Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

In the "Good Company Series," published by Lee & Shephard, Boston, is "Dora Darling," by Jane G. Austin, author of "A Nameless Nobleman;" "Standish of Standish," etc.

In the "Peerless Series," published by J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York, is "The Rector's Secret," by J. R. Abarbanell.

In the "Idle Moment Series," published by the Price McGill Co., St. Paul, Minn., appears "The Sunny Side of Politics," by Frederic Reddall, author of "Fact, Fancy and Fable," "Who Was He?" etc.

In the "Mayflower Library" is "Mayflower Tales," from the pens of Julian Hawthorne, Grant Allen, Richard Dowling, George R. Sims and Hume Nisbet.

"Reminiscences of a 19th Century Gladiator," by John L. Sullivan, published by Jas. A. Hearn & Co., Boston.

An Unfortunate Man.

Cumso—"Well, Einstein, your store didn't take fire last week when the one next to you burned down."

Einstein—"Nien; I nefer have any luck."—Jester.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

I was badly affected with **Eczema** and **Scrofula Sores**, almost covering one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the **eyelids so sore** it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Mrs. Paisley.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander St., Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

A LIVE YANKEE VIDOCQ

HOW PINKERTON SPENDS HIS TIME.

A Day with the Great Crime-Detector—His Ubiquity and Marvelous Memory—Some of the Great Work He Has Done.

The great detective agency of the Pinkertons is known throughout the world. Allan Pinkerton was its founder, and when he died he left the agency to his two sons, Robert and William. The two are yet young men, but they have kept the name in the same position before the world as their parent did, says the New York Journal.

The agency has branches all over the country and the world, and the United States is divided into two divisions—the Eastern and Western divisions. The Eastern division is managed by Robert Pinkerton, and takes in all the Eastern states, while the Western division is looked after by William Pinkerton. The Western Central office is located in Chicago, and the Eastern office on Exchange place, in this city.

From these two offices the entire business of the agency is carried on. All orders from either of these offices to the others, and all the business that is transacted in the various sections of the country is directly under the personal supervision of either of the brothers.

The management of either branch is a gigantic task, and it takes cool-headed men such as the brothers are to conduct their affairs.

How they manage to do all the work is truly amazing. A day with the leader of the Eastern branch, Mr. Robert Pinkerton, was spent last week by a Journal man.

If ever a man could be called "ubiquitous" that man is "Bob" Pinkerton, as

ROBERT PINKERTON.

his intimates call him. In personal appearance he is a truly striking man, and does not bear the slightest resemblance to the Hawkshaw as pictured in literature. He is tall, broad-shouldered and handsome. He has a wealth of brown hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, and a neatly-trimmed mustache. He possesses a gracious manner and an uncommonly pleasant smile, and has a cheery word for all.

People often wonder how it is that he covers so much territory in a day, for one hour he is seen in Harlem, the next in Wall street, and again he is strolling along upper Broadway.

At 8 o'clock each morning Mr. Pinkerton enters the Exchange place office. His room is a finely-furnished, roomy apartment, where, once he enters, he is closed to the public as completely and effectively as is Superintendent Byrnes in his private office at police headquarters. The door is guarded, and no one is allowed to see Mr. Pinkerton personally unless the business the visitor wishes to transact is of the utmost importance, and even then he is frequently turned over to Manager Bang.

When Mr. Pinkerton arrives the correspondence of the day is strewn on his desk, and with the assistance of his secretary he proceeds to open the thousands of letters, every one of which is on business, and to sift their contents. Among the batch are letters from branch offices throughout the world telling of cases they are handling, and giving the main office points on some others; reports from operatives throughout the country, some telling of progress made and others asking for instructions in cases.

After wading through these Mr. Pinkerton selects those which need answering. Some he answers personally, while he dictates replies to be sent to others.

By this time it is noon, and the chief takes a run around to Delmonico's and lunches. He is not a heavy eater, and soon the midday meal is consumed.

Then a trip is usually made to some of the many railroad depots—to the Grand Central depot, the Pennsylvania, and to other places, for the Pinkertons control the detective service on the Pullman palace cars and on many railroads.

Then he takes a stroll to a business house sometimes, or again to a bank, and from there he may be called upon to go out of town to consult with some one who may need his services on a big job.

Then he may take a run to Glen Island, or to some one of the beaches, for nearly all are patrolled by his men; or, if the afternoon be fine and he has no work to detain him in the office, he may be seen at the race track, looking over his men and seeing that they do their duty.

If he does not take a run out of town, or to some watering place, he returns to the office, after taking a look at his men in the town, and consults with his chief operators on some case or other; or else he is thinking over some mysterious case that he has been asked to assist in solving, for all cases that are turned over to his agency, if they be of any magnitude, are worked out entirely under the orders of the chief. He invariably lays down the lines on which they are worked, and it is said that there is not a case which is handled by the Eastern agency that he has not got on his fingers' ends, and, moreover, he keeps account of all cases that come into the hands of the other branches.

His memory of faces and instances is something remarkable, and once "Bob" Pinkerton sees a face he never forgets it, and the circumstances attending the meeting are always fresh in his mind.

In police circles he is spoken of as a most remarkable man in these respects. The pedigree of every crook he has at hand, and each one's photograph and pedigree are preserved just as they are at headquarters. In fact, it is said that the Pinkertons have the best gallery and record of criminals and crimes the world over for years back that is in existence anywhere on the face of the globe.

Mr. "Bob" Pinkerton is a hard worker, and seldom, if ever, leaves his office for the day or night until 8 o'clock. Then he declares his day's work is over. Sometimes he goes home to rest, but usually he may be seen strolling uptown of an evening looking like a typical good fellow.

A Business Proposition.

"Don't you love the smell of a good cigar?" inquired a Harlem antipode of Vanderbilt of Gus de Smith.

"You bet I do," replied Gus, his face brightening with anticipation.

"Have you got ten cents about your person?" inquired the first speaker again.

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, you give me ten cents, and that, with the money I have, will purchase a prime cigar."

"But what will I get?" said Gus.

"Why, you'll get the smell, which you say you dote upon so much. You will only be a stockholder in the concern."—Texas Siftings.

Had Taken It.

Railway King—What do you think I need, Doctor, to set me up again?

Doctor—Well, I think a little iron will help you.

Railway King—Good. I gobbled up a whole railroad system last week.—Truth.

Not as Bad as They Are Painted.

Fortunately for the happiness of all Presidential candidates, they never see but a small percentage of the pictures of themselves that are painted on the campaign banners of the present day.—Baltimore American.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The Republican Party.

E. K., Berryville, Ark., asks: "Please give a brief history of the Republican party, the principles upon which it was founded, the cause of its origin, etc."

The dissolution of the Whig party in 1852 left a number of factions agreeing in nothing but in their their opposition to the Democratic party, and having none of the elements necessary to the formation of a united party. But from these there sprang the most powerful party the Democratic party has yet had to encounter—a consistent advocate of broad construction, and internal improvements, more popular than the Federal party and more homogeneous and courageous than the Whigs. The name was adopted partly because its associations were thought well suited to draw together many of the discordant elements. It was suggested at a meeting of a number of members of Congress, and was first formally adopted at a Michigan convention in July, 1845. The old Whigs, the Free-Soilers, many Know-Nothings and some few Democrats were the elements that went to make up the party; the Abolitionists were a species of allies. Its success in the states was at first marked, eleven Senators and a plurality of the House belonging to the party. In 1856 a national convention was called and Fremont was nominated. The platform declared against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the extension of slavery, and in favor of the Pacific Railroads, of the admission of Kansas as a free state, and of the improvement of "rivers and harbors of national character." Fremont was defeated by a small majority. Between 1856 and 1860 the party gained largely in compactness, the uncompromising attitude of the slave power uniting Northerners more closely. The platform of 1860 was, with slight exceptions, the same as in 1856, except that a protective tariff was demanded, and that threats of secession were condemned. In the convention but few of the Southern states were represented. Abraham Lincoln was nominated and elected. His election was by the Southern states declared to be just cause for their secession and thus was the country plunged into civil war. During the war the history of the government is the history of the party. The war policy of the President was supported by the party, as was also the measures intended to cripple slavery. In 1864 Lincoln was renominated and re-elected by a large majority. His assassination followed hard upon his inauguration, and the Vice President, Johnson, became President. Between him and Congress there sprung up, almost at once, a conflict on the subject of the reconstruction of the seceded states. Congress demanding "substantial guarantees" of the preservation of the rights of the negroes as a condition precedent to admission: his impeachment and acquittal followed. In 1868 Grant was nominated and elected. The party placed Reconstruction as opposed to the intimidation of negro voters by Southern whites, and the Fifteenth amendment to the Constitution is due to its efforts, as were also the Thirteenth and Fourteenth. Grant received a second term, during which the greenback craze came up. The Republican party stood firmly for honest money, and won on that issue. Hayes followed Grant, and under his administration specie payments were resumed. Then followed Garfield and Arthur, and the election of 1884 resulted in Cleveland, the first Democratic President since the war. In 1887 he sent his famous free trade message to Congress, which riddled to the lines of the Presidential battle of 1888 being fought on the tariff issue, in which the Republicans, who supported the cause of protection, as they have since 1861, were successful. This year the Republican party stands for protection, reciprocity and honest money. The Democrats, for the first time since 1860, have a platform declaring for free trade, and they favor a return to the old state bank system. These are the issues to be decided on November 8 next.

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer, on the fifth page of this issue.

The Bering Sea Trouble.

J. F. G., Grand Rapids, O.: Russia formerly owned Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, which controlled all the land surrounding Bering Sea, she claimed jurisdiction over the entire sea, and sole control of its fisheries. By international law, no nation has exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of the ocean except for three nautical miles from shore. Beyond the three-mile limit is called the "high seas." But international law allows exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of a "closed sea"—"mare clausum" in Latin—that is, that is not properly a part of the ocean, and where one nation owns the land all around it. Russia's claim was, practically, that Bering Sea was a "closed sea." Subject to her she always maintained that claim, and does to this day over the western half of the sea, which yet belongs to her. But foreign vessels rarely went there, and there was but little trouble over it.

Russia ceded Alaska and the Aleutian Islands to the United States in 1872, and conveyed to us whatever rights she had in the eastern half of Bering Sea. Since that time, Britain's Columbia has been settled, and British sealers have been poaching on the seal rookeries in that sea. While the United States has never claimed exclusive jurisdiction over Bering Sea, she has attempted to stop all sealing except that authorized by our government, on the ground that the seals are being exterminated, which is true. The matter has been in dispute between us and Great Britain for several years, and is now to be arbitrated. The American case was presented to the arbitrators a week or so ago, and their decision may be expected some time this winter. Please note Rule 2, and follow it.

Pension Questions.

A. A. B., Ewell, Ky., asks: "Where the soldier is dead and the widow remarries, has the stepfather a right to qualify and draw the money, and appropriate it to his own use, without giveing a bond for the money, under act passed June, 1890? and who does the bond have to be given to, this money being drawn for children under 16?"

A bond must be given by the guardian or he cannot draw the pension.

J. W. C., Holland, O., asks: "Can a pensioner under the general or old pension laws, who draws $4 per month, and having applied for and received a pension of $12 per month under the act of June 27, 1890, again apply for an increase under the old law? or does his having given up his pension certificate under the old law and accepted the one under the new law forever prevent or debar him from applying under the old law?

Are those who received a pension under the law of June 27, 1890, entitled to and permitted to apply at any time for and receive a pension under the old law, or are they shut out of the benefits of any further pension legislation and elected to remain pensioners under the law of June 27, 1890, at a fixed rate of $12 per month?"

If, on account of your disabilities, incurred in the service, you believe yourself entitled to a greater pension than $12 per month, the new law does not prevent you from asking for an increase under the old law.

R. G. F., Baldwin, Wis., asks: "Are the banks allowed to charge pensioners for cashing their pension checks?"

Yes, of course, though generally they do not. When currency is scarce, they sometimes make a small charge.

L. W., Newton, N. J., and A. L. S., Middletown, Pa.: Your claim has gone through the regular routine. It will be settled in its turn, and you will simply have to wait until it is reached.

J. C., Arcola, Ill.: "I was employed at the quartermaster's department at Beaufort Island, South Carolina, in 1864, for 101 days, and was not at other work was compelled to drill. I received injuries while there sufficient to entitle me to a pension. Am I entitled to one?"

You were not a soldier, and hence are not entitled to a pension. It will require a special act of Congress to give you a pension.

Sugar Again.

A. H. B., Hector, Ind., asks: "The Democrats in this vicinity claim that if by placing sugar on the free list caused it to become cheaper, then why not do the same with all the necessities, such as coffee, tea, pepper and all such things. How is it?"

The duty on sugar, repealed by the McKinley law, was not a protective one. A duty is only protective where it fosters a home industry, and enables us to produce enough to supply our wants. This home production increases the competition, and prevents the foreigner from running up the prices on us. There is such a small area that will produce sugar cane in the United States that it is impossible to grow all that we consume. Our production is only about one-tenth of the sugar that we consume; hence the sugar duty was not a protective one, but a revenue duty, paid by the consumer—which a protective duty never is after the home production is sufficient to supply the wants of our people. Protection reduced the price of steel rails from about $165 per ton in 1872, to about $30 per ton, which has been the average price for several years. To adopt free trade would merely give foreign makers an opportunity to rush in rails, which they would sell even below cost, in order to break down our manufacturers. When this was done, and no rails were made in America, then they would put the price up and get back all they had lost and a great deal more. We would pay more for rails than we do now. The same would be true of any other great manufactured staple.

Coffee, tea, pepper, etc., are all on the free list, and have been there for 20 years—since 1872.

The Inquisition.

C. J. W., Cheboygan, Mich.: The Inquisition, sometimes called the Holy Office, was a tribunal in the Roman Catholic church for the punishment of heresy, unbelief, and similar offenses. In the 11th and 12th centuries the spread of certain sects like the Waldenses and Albigenses excited the alarm of the church. At that time, heresy was regarded as a crime to be punished by the state as well as by the church. The fourth Lateran council, A. D. 1215, impressed on both bishops and magistrates the necessity of increased vigilance against heresy. A council held at Toulouse directed that in each parish the priest and two or three laymen should be appointed to examine and report to the bishop all cases of heresy. Under Pope Innocent IV, in A. D. 1248, a special tribunal was organized to try and punish cases of heresy, the direction of which was vested in the order of Dominican monks. This tribunal was the Inquisition. It was introduced successively into Italy, Spain, Germany and France. Any person suspected of heresy was arrested and thrown into prison, only to be brought to trial when his judges saw fit. The proceedings were all secret. He was not allowed to see his accusers, nor to know who they were. The accused was liable to torture to extort a confession of guilt. If found guilty, he was liable to be burned to death, to be beheaded, to be imprisoned in the galleys for life or for a limited period, forfeiture of his property, etc. This tribunal exists to this day in Rome, but it is confined to the excommunication of books deemed to teach heretical doctrines, and the trial of ecclesiastical offenses. Follow Rule 2 if you expect answers.

Roster of General Officers.

G. S., Casnovia P. O., Mich.: There is no single volume which contains the lists of all generals of every grade in the American army since the Revolution. The only place you probably could find them would be at some public library which has a full set of the American Army Register, or else search the records of the War department at Washington. The entire roll of Confederate generals can also be obtained by searching the Confederate archives, preserved at Washington. The information is not worth the trouble it would take.

Seven Wonders of the World.

A. R. M., Creston, Iowa: The seven wonders of the world were, in ancient time, reckoned to be: The Pyramids of Egypt; the hanging gardens of Queen Semiramis, at Babylon; the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the statue of Jupiter at Athens (carved by Phidias of ivory and gold); the Mausoleum, or tomb of King Mausolus; the Colossus at Rhodes; and the Pharos, or lighthouse, at Alexandria. This grouping of the seven wonders originated among the Greeks after the time of Alexander the Great, and they were described in a work by Philo of Byzantium.

Miscellaneous.

D. M. S., La Grange, Ind.: See the Farmstead column, where your query belongs.

A. R., Mt. Vernon, Iowa: We can not furnish portraits of either Washington or Lincoln.

R. F. J., Fair View Farm, Ore.: Write to the editor of the American Agriculturist, New York city, and tell him what you want.

J. S. W., Miltonvale, Kan.: We do not believe any are made. We never saw one. You could have some instrument-maker make one for you, of course.

W. J. F., Deltz, W. Va., wants to know how to cleanse vessels, either wood or stone, which have held either coal oil, linseed or whale oil. Who will send receipts?

E. L. H., Cedar Rapids, Iowa: No part of the Cherokee strip or outlet has ever been thrown open to settlement. The lands opened last spring were part of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations, south of the Strip, and extending along the Texas border.

A. P. P., Marengo, O.: The inscription in your violin is Latin, and means: "Made at Cremona by Joseph Guarnerius, son of Andrew, in 1695, under the title of St. Teresa." The latter phrase possibly meant that he considered himself under the protection of that saint.

O. L. P., Toledo, O.: The sentence, "It is a condition and not a theory which confronts us," was used by Grover Cleveland in his famous free trade message to Congress; but the sentiment is not original with him, being used by others previously. We do not know who first expressed it.

J. H. N., Bloomingdale, Ind., writes: "Do not all deciduous trees put forth two leaves for each new rootlet, and do not the rootlets have to divide before they will nourish a fruit bud—all atmospherical influences excepted?" We think not. We can find no botanical authority for such statements.

J. R., Independence, Kan.: We do not know to what denomination the person mentioned belongs. Write to him yourself and find out. The publishing house you refer to is, we think, undenominational.

F. E. K., Cereseo, Neb.: We have not at hand a list of all ex-rebels who have held office under Republican administrations. None have done so, however, except those who became Republicans when the war closed.

J. H. D., Alta Vista, Kan.: It would be impossible to get our yearly exports and imports with Europe only for the past 100 years, without going to Washington and having supplied for and received a pension of $12 per month under the act of June 27, 1890, again apply for an increase under the old law? or does his having given up his pension certificate under the old law and accepted the one under the new law forever prevent or debar him from applying under the old law?

THE TRUE LAXATIVE PRINCIPLE

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well-informed, you will see the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

GUBERNATORIAL NOMINEES.

The New Hampshire, Wisconsin and Washington Candidates.

Hon. John B. Smith, the Republican nominee for governor of New Hampshire, was made the candidate by a unanimous vote of the state convention. He is a citizen of Hillsborough, which, though strongly Democratic, he has repeatedly carried. He is regarded as one of the ablest orators in the state.

Governor George W. Peck, of Wisconsin, has just been renominated by the Democrats of Wisconsin. He is the famous Western humorist, and after amassing a fortune by his paper, Peck's Sun, and by

the sale of his books, went into politics. He was first elected mayor of Milwaukee and then nominated for Governor and elected by over 20,000 plurality on the Bennett school law issue.

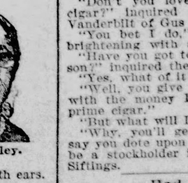
John H. McGraw, Republican nominee for governor of Washington, was born in Maine in 1850. In 1876 he went to Seattle, served there as hotel clerk and hotel proprietor. When his hotel burned down he was forced to accept a position as policeman. He was chosen city marshal in 1879, and later chief of police. In 1880 he was elected sheriff and served until 1887, when he began the practice of law. He is now president of the First National bank of Seattle and the Republican candidate for governor.

Lost His Speech.

Canby—Did you hear that poor Hanby had lost his speech?

Danby—Of course I didn't; for the reason that Hanby is a deaf mute and talks on his fingers.

Canby—Right you are; since he caught in a game of ball he hasn't been able to speak his own name.—Puck.



It clears the head when you clear the stomach and bowels. You can't think, with your system all choked up and stagnant. That's just the time to contract disease, too.

Put yourself in good condition with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

You won't have to have a struggle with them, as you do with the ordinary pill. You won't notice them. Mildly and gently, but thoroughly and effectively, they cleanse and regulate the whole system. Sick or Bilious Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the best liver pill known, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, easiest and *best* to take. They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy, too, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. Value received or no pay. It's a plain peculiar to Dr. Pierce's medicines.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED

Warts on Colt's Neck.

D. M. S., Indiana: Try rubbing the warts twice a day with salted lard. After ten days' time you will be able to judge if the remedy is working properly. If not, you must resort to a more heroic measure. They may be snipped off—scissors will answer—and the roots touched with a glass brush dipped in acetic acid.

Barley.

J. P. P., Pennsylvania: Barley requires a lighter soil than will grow good wheat, and a heavier soil than will grow a fair rye crop. A mellow, rich loam, ranging between light sand and gravel, and heavy clay, is best suited to it. It should be sowed early. There are about six varieties, all originating from the same source, and differing in no essential points. The six-rowed is preferred for cultivation in this country. The soil should be well pulverized, and the seed sown as soon in spring as the ground is dry. From two to three bushels are sown to the acre, poor and mellow soils, and early sown requiring the least. Upon rich soil, barley should never follow other white grains. Barley should be cut in seasonable time. If cut before maturity, it will shrivel; if cut when overripe there will be much waste from shelling out. It is brighter in color when cut in proper time than when left to full ripeness. Barley may be stacked like wheat. The bearded variety is preferred by most producers.

Poll Evil.

O. K., Colorado: If the tumor has broken externally, make a full cut with a sharp knife to the bottom, foment the part with hot water every day, press the pus out, and syringe the tumor to the bottom with chloride of zinc, 20 grains; water, 1 quart.

Station Passes Blood.

W. M. N., Humboldt county, Nevada: When blood mingles and is passed with the urine, the horse is troubled with a disease called hematuria. The blood may come either from the kidneys, the ureters (tubes which convey the urine from the kidneys into the bladder) the bladder, or the urethra. It is a disease that requires the best of skill, and you should call a veterinarian at once. When the attack comes on a dose of 3 1-2 ozs. of powdered aloes and 1 oz. of cream of tartar should be given in a pint of warm water. If it does not act in five or six hours repeat. An active injection should be given per rectum, as a quart of soap and water and 3 ozs. of oil of turpentine. Allow cold water in any quantity, but no stimulants or sedatives. When the violent symptoms have passed give a tonic as sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm. Give as a ball three times a day. Give no corn, but complete rest, a rather low and plain diet and an abundance of air in a field for weeks. In cold weather a large stall should be provided, and the animal kept as comfortable as possible. You are advised to get a veterinary. The amateur in disease of horses should be cautious in giving medicines at all times, but in a case of haematuria, while a practioner at a distance may give directions what to do, the condition may be such that a personal care is necessary to be exercised. Every phase of the disease should be carefully considered by one who can make an examination, and meet any change with intelligence.

Do you want a chance to make $500? If so, read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hops and the Hop Crop.

From figures collected by the Homestead under date of September 1, there seems to be a shortage in this year's yield of hops in the United States, the estimate being 100,000 bales in round numbers for this state this year against 121,291 in 1891, and 91,000 bales in other states (chiefly on the Pacific Coast) against 100,000 bales last year. In England hops have been grown this year on 56,282 acres and the yield is placed at 400,000 hundredweight, against 437,000 last year, and 254,000 hundred-weight in 1890. The German crop is placed at 115,316 acres, against 109,826 acres last year, and the production at about 46,000,000 pounds avoirdupois, against 52,000,000 last year, 49,000,000 in 1890, and 71,000,000 pounds in 1889. The English crop promises to be reduced from the estimate given above, owing to the unfavorable climatic conditions of the last ten days. England will have to import of hops, 15,000 bales of 180 pounds each. The supply must largely come from the United States.

Picking was well under way in the hop district of Central New York, and the market had opened in an unsettled condition—some sales being reported as high as 30 cents a pound.

Docking Tails of Horses.

The Rural New Yorker says:—The "cruel and senseless" practice of docking the tails of horses was recently the subject of a serious debate before the Royal Agricultural society of England. It was admitted that the practice is a very painful one, and useless, so far as the practical value of the animal goes. Unlike dishorning, it can not be argued that docking makes the animal more quiet and less dangerous. But it was stated that unless horses were docked, they could not be sold in the fashionable English markets. The public demanded a docked horse, and the farmer must give what the public call for. It was then proposed to dock foals just as dishorning has largely become a practice of killing the budding horns on a calf. It is a cruel, miserable practice at best.

No Show for Oleo.

A manufacturer of oleomargarine wrote our consul at Morocco asking what chances there were for the introduction of his goods there. Of course he praised "oleo" as a pure, sweet product. He received this reply, which probably made him wish he had told more of the truth about his stuff:

"I am sorry that nothing can be done in this locality with the class of goods you speak of. Native butter is too plentiful and too cheap to undertake to compete with it at the distance you are writing from. And, again, you are giving your goods a very bad recommendation to sell to the natives. You say it won't turn rancid; by that the Moors would imagine they could get no stink out of it, in which case it would be quite tasteless to them. They say of butter: 'No stink, no good.' The Moors never put salt in butter, and to prepare it for use they press it into coarse stone jars, containing from ten to forty pounds, the aperture just large enough to pass their fist through; when full, or nearly so, they plaster the top over with soft cow dung, then bury it in the ground, and when it has been there from three to five years it is taken out all ready for use. It then contains all the colors of the rainbow, and as many different tastes and scents. Butter is of no use to the Moor or until it is fened up to a pitch, and unless you can conjure up an article that will outstink the Moorish butter when prepared for use, don't write me any more upon that subject."

Mating for Hardiness.

Farm and Fireside:—When mating the fowls, select hens with strong shanks, broad breast and deep in the body. The male may be finer in bone, as it is desirable that he be active. The hens should be the hardiest of the flock, as many of the diseases that attack fowls during the winter are often due to some sick and weakly hen, such as the roup, which spreads in the flock, causing a loss of time in the effort to cure the hens, as well as a falling off of eggs. Hens are intended to lay, and especially when well cared for, but care and labor may be easily thrown away on a flock that has no vigor or stamina. Diseases may be transmitted to the offspring by the parents, and it is important that the hens which are intended for producing next year's stock should be carefully selected. Only personal observation will enable one to select the best, and for that reason every member of the flock should be studied, in order to learn all the personal characteristics.

Draft Horses for Farmers.

No farmer from his own choice breeds the "scrub" as now defined, but many lack confidence in themselves to make the start in stock improvement or breeding. It requires some business tact in a farmer of limited means to patronize the best draft sires; but, barring accidents, he cannot fail of success from the start, for draft horses are as salable usually as fast stock. And with tact, the skill to handle and dispose of driving teams, and the peculiar fitness for training, one may achieve more than ordinary benefit in breeding coach horses. More capital, however, is required; but if able to make a specialty of buying and mating fancy carriage teams for city use one can do better in the line of breeding. Yet, remember that in this case half and often three-fourths of the selling price is for exercised skill, from start to finish, in preparing the team for market. To do this requires months

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE IN CRYSTAL PALACE.

He Preaches a Farewell Sermon on the Beauty and Strength of Christian Character—Close of His Work.

Last week closed Dr. Talmage's tour in England and his gatherings comprised greater numbers than ever before assembled to hear a modern minister. His last sermon was delivered in Crystal palace, the largest building in the suburbs of London.

The text selected was from Proverbs, xxx. 28: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."

Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific association, at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of America, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill health, had in the fields and forests given himself to the study of insects. And surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders, it is not beneath the dignity of man to study them.

We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer eve. Things of ordinary sound and sight and occurrence fail to reach us, and yet no grasshopper ever springs up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no barnacle on a ship's hull, no burr on a chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke — but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in his Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant-hills. One of the sacred writers, sitting amid the mountains, sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling, and as the prophet looks upon that marking of the hind's foot on the rocks, and thinks of the Divine care over him, he says: "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its egg in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation, walks off; and the Scripture says, that is like some parents, leaving their children without any wing of protection or care. In my text, inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence, inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.

It is not very certain what was the particular species of the insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace, and looks around and sees the spider on the wall, and says: "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying: "What a loathsome thing it is." But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall, and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword-arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimetar of the lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track his footsteps in the mountain moss and to hear his voice in the hum of the rye fields, and to discover the rustle of his robe of light in the south wind. Oh, this wonder of divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bird's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly: "Let there be light:" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of his hand goes forth to find heights, and depths, and length, and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You must take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God; but I shall take the leaf holding the spider and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web let it do so down in the cellar of this palace or in some dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on, and climbed up, higher, and higher, and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The king of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible her beams are of cedar, and her rafters are of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the church of God is; and yet, sometimes, unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil speaking and rancor and slander and backbiting and abuse crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light and love and pardon and grace; yet a spider in a palace!

Again, my text teaches me that perseverance will mount in the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, and it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the king's palace. We see it in worldly things. Who is that Philadelphia boy? Why, he is said to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright tells on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the invention of the spinning Jenny. Tell tells on up from the office of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher tells on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, tells on up until he reaches the palace of world-renowned art. And God hath decided that, though you may be weak of body, slow of speech, you may be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, by his almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the king's palace—not such a one as is spoken of in the text—not one of marble—not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and thrones of ivory and flagons of burnished gold—but a palace in which God is the king and the angels of heaven are the cup-bearers. The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering, as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. By the grace of God may we all reach it. Oh, heaven is not a dull place. It is not a worn-out mansion with faded curtains, and outlandish chairs, and cracked ware. No; it is as fresh, and fair, and beautiful as though it were completed yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it.

A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but, if our bodies are to be resurrected in the last day, I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as a spiritual grandeur. Oh, what grandeur of apartments when that divine hand which plunges the sea into blue, and the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire, shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around his throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of Alpine rock, and bent the arch of the sky, shall raise before our soul the eternal architecture, and that lifted which hung with loops of fire the curtains of morning, shall prepare the upholstery of our kingly residence!

A palace also means splendor of associations. The poor man, the outcast, cannot get into Windsor Castle. The sentinel of the Queen stands there and cries "Halt!" as he tries to enter. But in the palace of which I speak we may all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been outcasts, we may have been wandering and lost as we all have been, but there we shall take our regal power. What companionship in heaven! To walk side by side with John and James, and Peter, and Paul, and Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and Micah, and Zachariah, and Wilberforce, and Oliver Cromwell, and Philip Dodridge, and Edward Payson, and John Milton, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More, and Charlotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and queens of heaven. O my soul, what a companionship!

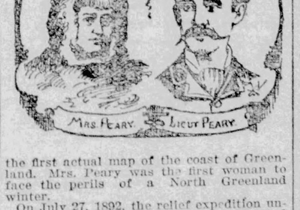
Years ago, with lanterns and torches, and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave is a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave, stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst, halls of crystal. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Some people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think you are 250 feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide, after awhile, takes you into what is called the "star chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and he takes a lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns, and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heaven—and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern and wanders on, and wanders off until he comes from behind the rocks and until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of unutterable horror. The grave is so such place as that for me, thank God! Our divine Guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rocks are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and, after awhile, we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become the King's star chamber, and, while we are looking at the pomp of it, an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on that side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and, as that gate flashes open, you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God, that through this gospel the mammoth cave of sepulchre has become the illumined star chamber of the King! Oh, the palaces! the eternal palaces! the King's palaces!

LIEUT. AND MRS. PEARY.

The Successful Return of the Arctic Explorers in the Kite.

Lieutenant and Robert E. Peary, Mrs. Peary and companions started on a tour to Greenland, known as the North Greenland expedition, leaving Brooklyn June 6, 1891. The party reached Upernavik July 1, but after entering Melville's Bay, July 11, Lieutenant Peary had his leg broken. After recovering from this and an attack of the grip as well, the party made a tour of 1,200 miles over ice, giving to the world



the first actual map of the coast of Greenland. Mrs. Peary was the first woman to face the perils of a North Greenland winter.

On July 27, 1892, the relief expedition under Prof. Heilprin, of Philadelphia, started to the rescue of the heavy party and brought them back to St. John, arriving there September 11. During the last weeks of the expedition Mr. Verhoef, the meteorologist of the party, whose home is in Louisville, was lost.

Mrs. Peary, who so bravely accompanied her husband, suffered but little during the entire time. She was in no way affected by the frost and was always able to nurse those of the expedition who were sick.

Phantoms.

The hopes of cure held out in the advertisements of numberless remedies are mere phantoms, without the slightest shadow of reality about them. On the other hand, no statement has ever been made in behalf of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters that is not susceptible of ample substantiation. Care has ever been taken in laying its claims before the public to circumscribe those claims with the bounds of truth. Allegations outside of these form no blot on the record of this sterling, time-honored remedy, proven by the most respectable evidence to be a remedy for and preventive of malarial disease, rheumatism, kidney trouble, chronic indigestion and biliousness. It is an incomparable tonic, promotes convalescence and mitigates the infirmities of age. Taken before retiring at night it is a promoter of sleep.

A True Weather Forecast.

Teacher—"When the temperature falls suddenly a storm is forming south of you."

Scholar—"Yes, ma'am."

Teacher—"When the temperature rises suddenly a storm is forming north of you."

Scholar—"Yes, ma'am."

Teacher—"Now, when the temperature rises suddenly, what happens?"

Scholar—"Everybody sweats and gets mad."—Detroit Free Press.

Do you want a chance to make $500? If so, read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

Quickly Told.

Friend—What was your graduation essay about?

Mabel—"What the Astronomers Know About Mars."

"Dear me! Why did you choose that subject?"

"Because I didn't have time to write much."—New York Weekly.

One Way Out of It.

Travers—"Can you have this hat charged to me?"

Hatter—"All our business is done on a cash basis, sir."

Travers—"Then lend me $5."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Miss Moffit.

Miss Muffit, the fairy,
Sat in her dairy,
Enjoying curd masticaffon;
A creature nefarious
Grew too gregarious,
And Miss Muffit lost all her clatfon.
—Chicago News-Record.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

The 24th Indiana.

Editor Camp Fire:—I continue the journal of the 24th Indiana. On November 1, marched back to Carrion Crow Bayou. On the 3d, Gen. Burbridge, with one brigade, was located at Camp Fairview. The paymaster was busily engaged in paying the brigade, when they were suddenly attacked by the enemy, who were well mounted. A severe fight for several hours ensued, when hearing the din of contending armies, our division went to their support. We were three miles away. Just as we arrived in rifle range we saw one section of the 17th Ohio battery come madly dashing out of the timber toward us. The mounted rebs soon surrounded the section, having failed to discover our close proximity. At a distance of 500 yards we saluted them with a shower of minnie balls, which emptied many saddles. It was amusing to note the change in their programme. They suddenly made up their minds that they had no use for that battery. We followed them a mile or two, but failed to scrape any closer acquaintance. We went to Burbridge's camp, but what a scene! The tents had been burned, the paymaster either captured or demoralized, the 60th Indiana all captured except Lieut. "Jake," who, knowing his usefulness as a war correspondent, mounted an old sorrel horse and cut his way through our divisional line, and made good his escape. His company (I) had new Enfield rifles, well loaded. We found the loaded rifles carefully resting against a large log. We never heard whether the paymaster was engaged in paying that company at the time the enemy made a dash upon the camp.

November 7 we went back to Vermillion bayou and joined the 19th corps under Gen. Franklin. We stayed there eleven days' horse racing from morning until night. On the 16th the whole corps started back toward New Iberia, camping at night near Lake Gias—a beautiful pond, three miles wide and nine miles long, skirted by a grove of timber, in the center of a fine prairie. On November 20, at 4 a. m., we marched out to Lake Sias and quietly surrounded a camp of Johnnies at daylight, capturing 120 men and a major. On the 21st, the 24th Indiana went out with some forage trains across Bayou Teche. The advance foragers were fired into and came running by our train in wild confusion. We fell into line of battle under command of Maj. Grill, and waited one hour, when everything became still, never heard any body say what caused so much stampeding. Certainly a few shots fired at random were not sufficient inducement.

The next evening the forage-master of the 19th corps was decried driving a large flock of sheep across the prairie in the direction of our camp. The sun was just sinking in the West. When he came near our camp about 100 men from the 11th Indiana, and about the same number from the 24th Indiana, formed in line of battle awaiting like Don Quixote, the charge of mutton. The forage-master became alarmed, but as his route lay through our camp, he attempted to shove his sheep through. The boys of each regiment made a dash at them. Every man caught a sheep, and some of them got two. The man in charge of the sheep was powerless. He reported the fact to Gen. Franklin, who, next morning, sent up to Maj. Grill to have our quarters searched for mutton, but none could be found, as the boys had anticipated the search and run the mutton up their brick chimneys.

As each regiment had all kinds of artisans, and we expected to spend the winter at New Iberia, we had plenty of nice brick chimneys erected. One examining squad stopped at our mess, cautiously looked in and inquired, "Have you any mutton in this mess?" One of the comrades, named Harry Watts, looked up to him seriously. "No, sir, we have no mutton here, but we have a severe case of smallpox. Do you want to see it?" At the same time he seized one end of an oil blanket, which covered a nice dressed sheep. The captain beat a hasty retreat, and failed to look in any other mess quarters. The 11th Indiana had about 30 sheep tied to the music stand, erected for the use of their brass band. The 19th corps undertook to take the sheep, but the 11th Indiana seized their rifles and prepared to defend their mutton. Gen. Franklin then put the 11th and 24th on extra duty to guard a long wagon train into the country for sugar. We had to report to his headquarters, which we did bleating like sheep. The 11th would ask, "Who stole the sheep?" The 24th would reply, "The 11th Indiana." "Who helped?" "The 24th Indiana." We went seven miles to guard a train of 150 wagons. When we arrived at the sugar refinery, we were drawn up in line, Col. Grill commanding our regiment. Maj. Darnell commanded the 11th Indiana. We were informed that Franklin gave them positive orders against foraging, yet we got all the sweet potatoes and fat pigs and sugar we wanted. We were disbanded 400 yards before we arrived at Franklin's headquarters, thus securing our forage.—Lew Jessup.

An Old Comrades' Talk.

Editor Camp Fire:—Please allow me to lay a chip on the Camp Fire. I was over four years a soldier, and have been for nineteen years a subscriber to the Weekly Blade. I read the Camp Fire always. I noticed in the Camp Fire of August 18 that a comrade said he did get frightened in battle at the whistle of a shell. Guess he was joking. But when I think back of Stone River, where I lay in front of a battery of our own guns, they firing above us, with shells from the enemy bursting over us, and a brigade of infantry firing upon us at short range in front; and again, as we went up Mission Ridge, and the many other engagements in which our corps took part, from Chattanooga to Atlanta—get scared? No! But I never see anything pointing towards me with a hole in the end but I take the second look to see if it has smoke and thunder in it. I saw, heard and felt those things, for I was three times wounded, and laid up for about eighteen months.

Boys, we have told army stories of war, at the old talk times since we helped to redeem the United States with our blood. I can not think over those times and of our comrades whom we left in Dixie, without shedding tears. Yet I am not so old—only toothless and gray. Do you remember when we were at home on a furlough, after over two years of the prime of our lives had been passed in war, and how some old citizen would ask us what would become of Christian society when all those old veterans are discharged and turned loose among the people again? What has been the result? Where can you go and not see either them or their influence, from the White House in Washington to California? Once in a while I find one who forgot his comradeship, and who helped to save this government, and they almost say that the Farmers' Alliance is better than the Republican party. I came home to Indiana in 1865, and went a farming. I remained a farm six years, then bought a patch of wild prairie land, and have made a little farm as good as my neighbors'. I moved to town, ran a dairy eight years, and schooled my children ten years. I have just made a visit to central and northern Kansas and southeast Nebraska. I found many old comrades there. In a county seat an old comrade chaplain came to town to preach at the Methodist church. On Sunday a squad of old vets got together and notified the reverend comrade that they would escort him to the church. Promptly as we used to do, they fell in—about 23 old boys, all getting gray. They marched to the church, and were provided with seats in front of the pulpit. These old vets, rank and file, remember Comrade Harrison in November. I do not think one will cast a vote against him. They know who stood by us when we were boys. Many comrades went to the unsettled West in 1866. They have shared the trials with other men, making fine farms and thriving towns, and if they and their pensions were taken away, in one year times would see a change back to what we had 45 years ago, when wheat bread looked nice on the table from two to three times a week, a new pair of shoes came but once a year and public schools were scarce. Boys, do we believe any party is nearer to us than the old Republican?—R. B. Wilson, Co. A, 40th Ind. V. V. S.

The Fight at Okolona.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the issue of The Blade of September 1 is a letter from Comrade Bill F. Smith, Co. A, 4th Tenn. Cav., in reply to my request for information concerning the "Providence spring" at the Andersonville prison. Also another letter from another comrade, which appeared some time ago, both of which I was glad to read, and hope the comrades will come again. It affords much genuine pleasure to read the stories of the comrades published in the Camp Fire, being as I am a helpless invalid from disabilities contracted while in the army. Many little incidents which historians have failed to notice simply from the fact that they never knew them, form very interesting and instructive reading to those who carried the musket and carbine, and to our now grown-up sons and daughters, who never tire of listening to the stories of our army life.

Judging from what Comrade Smith says of the "Mississippi raid," I suppose he must have been with us on that memorable march. I wonder if he remembers our first night in Mississippi, when two of our pickets were murdered by bushwhackers, and the next day's skirmishing almost from early morning till near night, when others of our boys were killed.

It is hardly worth while to ask our comrade if he remembers our first battle, at Okolona. If he was there, I have an idea he still retains at least a faint recollection of that memorable conflict between the forces of blue and gray, and the terrible stampede caused by the faltering of a certain regiment in our rear, when, for the space of an hour or two, we were the worst mixed-up set that could easily be imagined. However, by good generalship of our officers, and a willingness of our men to do their duty, we were all in good fighting order, and during the remainder of the day we poured lead into the ranks of our enemies in a manner that caused them to be a little more cautious in their movements. I would like to ask Comrade Smith if he remembers that poor boy—I believe he belonged to Co. A—who was wounded by the explosion of a shell from the rebel battery? I was within a few feet of him at the time. The shell, or a fragment, brushed Capt. Kirshelow on the shoulder, taking off part of his coat collar, and struck poor Smofford (I believe that was his name) on the leg, breaking it. The last I ever saw of the boy (for he appeared to be not more than 16 or 17 years of age), he was hanging on to his horse and begging his captain and comrades not to leave him. I suppose he was left and died in the hands of the rebels. I would like for others of our comrades of the old 4th to come to the front with a few rails.—Joe Griffith, Denton, Tex.

The Battle of Nashville.

Editor Camp Fire:—This is a wet day, and I thought I would bring in my chip to keep the fire from going out. The good old Blade comes regularly every Thursday to my house,and the first thing I read is the Camp Fire. I like to hear from the old boys, for the time is not long until there will be none left to tell the tale of what we suffered for the old flag. I went into the army at only 16 years of age, and very small in size. At the battle of Nashville, December 15 and 16, 1864, when Hood wanted to eat his Christmas dinner in Nashville (but was fooled), my regiment was engaged. On the morning of the 15th we went into the fight with 252 men. At night on the 16th, only 145 answered to roll call. My company went in with 32 men and came out with but 14 left to tell the tale of death and destruction.

Every year when December 15 comes, I think of that terrible time when I saw five of my schoolmates lying cold in death together, and my dear old captain fell by my side with one of the rebel works, shot through the body and neck,while leading us on to victory with his saber in one hand and revolver in the other. No braver man ever lived than Capt. Ebenezer Grosvenor. We were attached to a brigade of colored troops under command of Col. T. J. Morgan, who is Indian school commissioner now. I never can forget the awful slaughter thre was of the colored troops. When we got to the breastworks we found the 17th colored regiment there. My brother was on the detail to bury the dead, and said they buried 115 of the 17th who lay in the trench in front of the works. I wish some of my old regiment would help keep the Camp Fire burning, and I want them all to read The Blade and vote for dear old Ben.—R. E. Driggs, Cos. H and A, 18th O. V. V. I.

His Top Boots.

Editor Camp Fire:—Some of the contributions to the Camp Fire remind me that I have been as slow to contribute to that column of The Blade as I was to the camp fire of the army. After being in the service about eight months, one comrade—Wm. Haynes—was discharged, and went home. My father asked him what kind of a soldier I made. His reply was: "Well, Jim is a good soldier and a first-class fellow to be with, but d—d if he will make a fire if he can help it!" My father wrote me about it, and it set me thinking. I saw that I had done a very poor part of the fire-making; so I resolved to never be behind in that branch of the service again, and from that on I always contributed a liberal share of top rails, although some of them were well bedded in the ground. I remember once bringing in a muddy top rail, when one of the boys remarked that "there was no use going to that fence for more wood for I had brought the root."—J. M. Childers, Co. I, 6th Mo. Cav.

The Day at Fredericksburg.

Editor Camp Fire:—Being a member of old Co. G, 134th P. V., and not hearing anything from my old comrades, nor seeing any of them for years, I thought I would bring an old board from one of the Fredericksburg fences. If there are any of the 134th regimental comrades alive besides myself, I will ask them if they remember December 13, 1862, when we crossed the river in front of Fredericksburg, and through that storm of lead and iron, with intent to break the rebel center—a thing the rebs knew in our neighborhood (West Virginia) tell me we almost did. James Y. English, if you are yet alive, I will say I remember your desperate wound, as I was on your right when we went into that pandemonium of shot and shell, the spot where 15,000 of our brave boys sleep their last sleep. Boys of the 134th P. V., let us keep the Camp Fire burning till rebelocracy and Democracy are on a level with the old rotten rebel flags. —W. M. Evans, C. B, 148th Ind. Vols.

A Southern Unionist.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a Southern-born man, of Georgia, now living in Alabama, and was here when the war arose. I heard many speeches for secession, and a few against it, and I never heard any speeches in the war times that were more against the North than that the Democrats made in the canvass just ended. They inherit it from their ancestors, because there were Whigs and Tories in the Revolution, the Tories became nullifiers, the nullifiers became secessionists, and the Democrats are a chip off the old block. They are now more for Great Britain than for the United States, and they propose to get into office by lying and stealing. They know it is their only chance. I am for Harrison and a protective tariff. —W. M. Evans, Co. B, 134th Ind. Vols.

A Sherman Bummer.

Editor Camp Fire:—I was a soldier for Uncle Sam three years, in the 50th Ills. Vol. Inft., or the old "Blind Half Hundred," as we were called; was one of Sheman's Bummers. I did not see any real live elephant on that large tramp, but encountered some very fine porkers and some famous sweet potato patches, and heard the chickens squawk and the turkeys gobble as we went marching along. Fall in, old vets, and let us give Uncle Ben and The Blade a boom this fall. I wish Bub, of Florence, Ala., would give me his name and address, as I am a native of his state, and first saw the light not far from his vicinity, some 54 years ago. I also would like to hear from some of the old "Blind Half Hundred" who ate the greyhound on the march to the sea.—R. U. White, 50th Ill., Hurdlan, Mo.

Chips.

The editor of the Camp Fire has a letter for Comrade John C. Lyon, Will he send his address on a postal card, so that it may be forwarded to him?

In reply to comrades of the 60th Ohio as to where I got that browned coffee after the surrender, I must say the truth is, I went out foraging in the neighborhood of our quartermaster's tent where our supplies were, passed the guard while his back was turned, and crept under the tarpaulin, tore one drawer-leg off at the knee, tied one end shut, and filled it, thinking I had as good a right to it as Stonewall Jackson. "Steady, Hi"—H. W. Riegel, Co. E., 60th O. V. I.

PLUCKY LADY DILKE

Has Stood by Her Husband Through Thick and Thin.

There are several reasons why the name of Lady Dilke attracts more or less attention among men and women. For the last three or four years she and her husband have been living abroad in retirement, on account of the scandal in which Sir Charles Dilke was concerned several years ago; but now that he has returned to England and has been elected to parliament this charming woman is sure to be heard of more frequently.

Lady Dilke is said to be the original of Dorothea Casaubon in "Middlemarch." Her first husband, the Rev. Mark Pattison, was a dear friend of George Eliot. He married the present Lady Dilke when she was scarcely more than a slip of a girl. They lived happily together for

LADY DILKE.

many years, and on his deathbed the old clergyman told her that if she ever should meet a man she could fall genuinely in love with it was his wish that she should marry him.

She had been a widow for several years when she first met Sir Charles Dilke.

They became engaged and the marriage was set for a year hence. Mrs. Pattison started on a tour through Egypt in the meantime. While she was there the news of her lover's disgrace was brought to her. She returned to England immediately, and in spite of the protest of her relatives and friends she insisted upon being married on the spot. She would hear no word against Sir Charles, and to this day she declares that he is an innocent and greatly wronged man. They were married very quietly and started on a tour of Europe and Asia which lasted nearly two years.

Lady Dilke is an accomplished woman, who, besides being a recognized authority on art subjects, has written several extremely clever books.

Her loving constancy and implicit faith in her husband's innocence has done more to turn the tide of public opinion in his favor than anything else in the world could have done.

WHITTIER'S FIRST POEM.

William Lloyd Garrison's Story of Its Appearance in Print.

When William Lloyd Garrison began at the age of 20 to publish the Free Press, he had, of course, the usual amount of bad and indifferent poetry to read. All the local poetasters who thought they could make verse, and would have been far more worthily employed in making shoes, deluged him with their halting contributions. But one day the paper's drag net brought up a pearl. Thus Mr. Garrison tells the story:

"Going up stairs to my office, I observed a letter lying near the door. I opened it and found it contained the original piece of poetry for the Free Press.

"The ink was very pale, the handwriting very small, and having at that time a horror of original newspaper poetry, my first impulse was to tear it without reading it, since the chances of rejection were as ninety-nine to one. Summoning up my resolution, however, I perused it, and was so gratified with it that I gave it a place in my journal.

"As I was anxious to find out the writer, my post rider one day divulged the secret, saying that he had brought the letter, and that it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier who was daily at work with hammer and lapstone on the shoemaker's bench at East Haverhill.

"I lost no time in driving to see the youthful bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, blushing like a maiden, and almost unable to speak. I gave him words of encouragement, but addressed myself particularly to his parents, urging them to grant him every possible training for the full development of his remarkable genius. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship, founded on similarity of purpose and principles."

Safety in a Thunderstorm.

A person apprehensive of danger from lightning, happening during the time of the thunder to be in a house not secured by conductors would do well to avoid sitting near the chimney, near a looking glass, or any gilt picture or wainscot. The safest place is in the middle of the room, so it be not under a metal luster suspended by a chain, sitting in one chair and laying the feet up in another. It is still safer to bring two or three mattresses or beds into the middle of the room, and folding them up double, place the chair upon them; for those not being so good conductors as the walls, the lighting will not choose an interrupted course through the air of the room and the bedding when it can go through a continued and better conductor—the wall. But when it can be had, a hammock or swinging bed, suspended by silk cords equally distant from the wall on every side, and from the ceiling and the floor above and below, affords the safest situation a person can have in any room whatever, and one which, though used, may be deemed quite free from danger of any stroke of lightning.—The Family Doctor.

FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. A. M. Bilby, Mitchell, Dak., says: "I have used it in a number of cases of nervous debility with very good results."

Wedding Guests Well Fed.

At a wedding feast recently served at Fischhausen, in Bavaria, to 168 guests, they managed to dispose of six ox, three pigs, eighteen chickens, ten geese and a half dozen ducks and pigeons. This liberal provision was washed down by four barrels of beer, forty quarts of spirits and fifty quarts of various wines.

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer, on the fifth page of this issue.

In Kansas.

"What made the meeting break up so suddenly?" asked the P. P. orator. "I was not half through."

"Wal," said the committeeman, "when you commenced talkin' about sightin' revolvers in the air they thought you was referring to a cyclone."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Interest at Stake.

Jaggs—How was it that you represented yourself as being a poor man?

Snaggs—That was only in an advertisement for some money I lost in the street. —N. Y. Sun.

Not Open Yet.

Brass bands and roaring orators the welkin fill
With bolsterous blare, key-notes and other sounds,
But no campaign can be considered open till
The straw-vote man sets out upon his rounds.
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Sunday School.

Saul of Tarsus Converted.

LESSON I. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1892. Golden Text: Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3:3.

LESSON TEXT.
Acts 9: 1-20.

1. And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest.

2. And desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem.

3. And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven:

4. And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

5. And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

6. And he trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.

7. And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man.

8. And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus.

9. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink.

10. And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord.

11. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth.

12. And hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight.

13. Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem.

14. And here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name.

15. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel.

16. For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake.

17. And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house; and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

18. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized.

19. And when he had received meat, he was strengthened. Then was Saul certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus.

20. And straightway he preached God in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God.

Illustrative Applications.

Breathing threatening and slaughter (v. 1). If hatred is in a man's heart, hatred will show itself in a man's words and acts; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And if hatred does show itself in a man's words and acts, it is because hatred is in his heart. It is of no use for a man to say that his harsh and bitter words don't mean anything; that they are only on the surface. They do mean a great deal; they mean that under the surface he is fully as bad as he shows himself above the surface. And as it is with men, so it is with children. When a child stamps and screams with anger, and just wishes nurse, or teacher, was dead, that little one is breathing the threatening and slaughter which are in that little one's heart. Parents and guardians ought to have this truth in mind in dealing with the children of their charge.

There shone round about him a light of heaven (v. 3). Saul's "threatening and slaughter" came from inside; the bright light of heaven came from outside. The inner light of a man is not worth much as a guide to duty; it is light from outside that man needs. Saul was following conscience when he started on a life and death hunt for Damascus Christians. If his conscience had not been enlightened from heaven, Saul would have kept on the threatening and slaughter track to the end of his life. Unless we know a great deal more than Saul knew, and unless we are a great deal better by nature and training than he was, we are liable to be following conscience in Satan's service. We need light from heaven to show us our duty toward our fellows, and also the safe road toward heaven. Jesus says, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life." "And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light."

Why persecutest thou me? (v. 4). That is the question which Jesus has asked of a great many since the days of Saul. And there is no difference to us what the answer of Saul was than what the answer of the opponents of Jesus in our day is to be. Why do men oppose Jesus? Why do they stand among his enemies? Why do they refuse their help to his cause, and their sympathy and co-work to his followers? That is a good question to ask of any one whom we know who is not yet counted among the followers of Jesus. Look such an one lovingly and longingly in the face; lay your hand in gentle entreaty on his shoulder, and ask, wonderingly, "Why do you stand out against Jesus?"

Who art thou, Lord? I am Jesus whom thou persecutest (v. 5). He who asks a question of Jesus because he wants to know more about him, or to know him better, will have a speedy answer from Jesus. Such questioning Jesus is glad of. It is very different from the questioning that comes of opposition or of doubt. "Who are you?" may mean, Who are you, that I should heed you?" or it may mean, "Who are you? that I may welcome and minister to you." A great deal is implied in the spirit and tone in which we ask a question of the Lord.

Rise, and enter into the city, and it shall be told thee what

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 111,000.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

OUR MARVELLOUS OFFER.

We lay before our readers, on the fifth page of this issue, the best offer, in connection with their subscriptions, ever offered by any newspaper in the world. A careful reading of the advertisement will pay you. It will be noticed that every subscriber has two opportunities:

First—He may have the Weekly Blade for two years for $1. We say "may have," but practically this means "will have," because what subscriber to the Weekly Blade cannot guess who will be the next President?

Second—He has opportunity of competing for one among over two hundred premiums, amounting to over $4,000. Every subscriber has a chance of obtaining one of them.

This plan has been carefully worked out, and we are prepared to receive over 250,000 orders during the next six weeks. We confidently expect more than 100,000 of our regular subscribers to renew on this basis at once; and just how many new subscribers will take advantage of this plan, depends upon how well our readers will circulate this announcement to their neighbors and friends.

To avoid confusion, and to facilitate the work in the counting-room, we suggest the following:

Notice there will be seven coupons published, one week apart, each week being numbered. This week's coupon is No. 1. We ask every subscriber, no matter when his time expires, to immediately send in his renewal, with this coupon No. 1. Don't wait another week. We are prepared to enter these renewals at once.

Furthermore, we ask every subscriber to see that coupon No. 2 is used next week by some one of his neighbors; and see that each following coupon is used each week by some one.

Bear in mind that if we receive over 250,000 subscribers on this plan, you have more chances to obtain one of the premiums than if we receive but 100,000. If each subscriber will make sure that three coupons are used besides the one he uses himself, it will make our plan a complete success—as it deserves and as we want it to be.

We will also send sample copies, single or a number, containing this coupon to anybody who wants them. Please see that sample copies are distributed in your neighborhood.

One thing more: We want our subscribers to urge upon their Democratic neighbors to send in their guesses upon these coupons. Suggest to them that if they are so confident that Mr. Cleveland will be the next President, that here is a chance to get a good newspaper two years for a dollar. We want every guess to be the honest conviction of the subscriber, and in order to make the matter more interesting, we should have guesses from the other side—presuming, of course, the sentiments of our present readers to be largely one way.

Now open the ball at once! Let us see how many respond this week. We shall announce from week to week the progress made.

General Sickles, on the floor of the Chicago convention, declared that the 15,000 Democratic ex-soldiers in New York state will never vote for Cleveland. Every Grand Army man in New York knows that this is a fact. And 25,000 votes taken off the Democratic column and added to the Republican one will give New York's electoral vote to Benjamin Harrison.

We hear but little exploitation of Mr. Cleveland as a civil service reformer these days. Too many business men have woeful recollections of the disorganization, delay and loss which follow upon his rapid emptying the railway mail service of experienced men in order to make room for Democratic heelers.

A discovery of unusual interest has been made by Prof. Barnard, the astronomer at Lick Observatory, through his great equatorial. It is nothing less than a fifth moon of Jupiter. In an astronomical sense, this is the most important discovery that has been made since that of the moons of Mars.

The announced intention of the Democratic committee to "investigate" the report of Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, is a bit of campaign bluff. It is "a good enough Morgan till after the election." Then we shall hear no more of it.

The march of the Democratic party "through a slaughter house into an open grave," foretold by Mr. Watterson, has been proceeding in quick-step time since the appearance of Labor Commissioner Peck's recent report.

Now for a wild, blood-curdling war-whoop from Watterson over Grover's refusal to stand on the free trade plank!

The fool who is going over Niagara in a barrel will simply save the foolkiller a little labor.

Watterson to Cleveland: "Don't dodge, Grover!"

A PUGILISTIC LESSON ON TEMPERANCE.

The prize-fight at New Orleans between Sullivan and Corbett has in it a lesson of temperance and right living. The defeat of Sullivan, if rightly considered, will carry to the mind of every young man a proof of the proposition that sobriety promotes health and physical strength, while debauchery and drunkenness injures the one and saps the other. Sullivan, in the hours of chagrin and sorrow following the contest, self-accusingly cried out to the little group of friends about him that "booze" did it. Every teacher of physical culture, every trainer of men for contests in which bodily endurance is to be taxed to its utmost, will give testimony that Sullivan but stated the truth as to the primal cause of his entire collapse. The pugilist, long believed to be peerless in physical strength and endurance, is noted for his debaucheries. For several years he has been a hard drinker, indulging in protracted drinking bouts with boon companions. The result was that at 36, he is a defeated champion, his career cut short, and he probably will, in the course of a few years, be back at his original occupation of sewer-digging, unless his old enemy, "booze," brings him to the grave.

On the other hand, Corbett, who triumphed over Sullivan, is a strict abstainer. He never drinks of any intoxicant. In his hour of triumph after the New Orleans contest, when surrounded by excited and admiring throngs of friends, and with champagne flowing like water, he resisted every importunity to drink; even the "one glass" he was urged to take "in good fellowship" was steadfastly declined with the remark, "I guess this is good enough for me," as he lifted a glass of water to his lips. Though one can have no sympathy with a prize-fighter as such, yet we can admire thoroughly and commend heartily his steady abstinence amid a class of men to whom a refusal to drink is, as a general rule, tantamount to a personal insult. The example is one that should be profitable to every young man. It often requires a considerable amount of moral courage to say "no" on a convivial occasion, and thousands of men have taken the first step in the drunkard's path by their unfortunate lack of will-power.

The ultimate and inevitable result of the drink habit in destroying physical strength and undermining the constitution is a fact which should be deeply impressed upon the minds of the rising generation. The young men of America, as a rule, must make their way in life by their own exertions. The great majority must do this by labor—either by hands or brain, or both. No lesson can be more important to them that indulgence in any intoxicant injures the body, and affects their power for steady, persistent work. The effect upon the brain is no less marked than upon the muscles; and the mental worker who indulges the drink habit is at quite as great a disadvantage as the drinking man who labors at some handicraft. Drink means decay of strength, both physical and mental. It deranges every physical function, and makes the body prematurely old. In the case of Sullivan, most authorities upon prize-fighters will always maintain that the ex-champion at his best, was the superior in strength and endurance of the man who so easily defeated him; but his bodily strength had been impaired by his drinking habits, and his vitality impaired. Hence he met defeat where, had this not been the case, he would assuredly have been victor.

The fallacy is world-wide that drink is strength-giving. This is because there is a fictitious access of exhilaration following the swallowing of any intoxicating liquor, which is mistaken for an addition to the bodily powers. The truth is the exact reverse of the common belief. Liquor adds no strength, nor does it add to the endurance of a man's physical powers. It is the Delilah which robs him of his strength and makes him old when he should be in his manly prime. Teachers in the schools of the land should impress this lesson upon the minds of the boys under their charge. It is part of the great educational process which our people must go through in order to create a majority public sentiment against not only intemperance, but its feeder and support, the saloon. When that sentiment is created, a successful effort will promptly follow to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE COBDEN CLUB REJOICETH.

The recent annual meeting of the Cobden club, the British organization founded to propagate free trade in other countries, was devoted largely to congratulations that the Democratic party in this country has finally come out from cover, and announced itself to be in favor of the free trade theory—no duties on competing articles, but a revenue duty on all non-competing articles. The joy of the members of the Cobden club is purely selfish. They know that, should the Democratic party triumph, and put its platform plank into practice through legislation, it will largely stop manufacturing in this country, and correspondingly increase British manufactures and export trade. A letter was read at the meeting from one George W. Medley, who congratulated the members on the stand taken by our Democratic friends. Mr. Medley said:

One of the great political parties in the United States has at last plucked up courage and has fairly and squarely joined issues with the other party on the vital question of free trade or protection. Hitherto both parties have hedged for the sake of winning votes, but each one of the parties sees the folly of this policy and has staked its fortunes on a bold and honest avowal. That party is the Democratic party, and it is to the interests of justice and humanity to be hoped that it will win in the coming struggle, as there is every appearance that it will.

Sir Lyon Playfair, in the formal annual address, which he delivered this year, spoke as follows on this matter:

The official party who prepared the Democratic platform for the Presidential election at Chicago did not dare in their programme to go in fully for free trade, and they drew up a halting resolution for adoption, which the Democratic congress (convention) would not accept. The congress, after discussing the subject, formed another committee and unanimously adopted a platform which should warm the hearts of every free trader because it is quite free trade in principle. It is upon this platform that the fight will take place next November. What does that platform mean? It announces that taxation is only justifiable when the necessities of a government have to be met. * * * It requires no import duties whatever to meet the legitimate expenses of the American government.

These quotations are from the official report of the annual meeting, published in a recent number of the Rochdale (England) Observer. They show how the Chicago tariff plank is interpreted in England by the free trade propagandists. The issue ought to be clear to every American voter. And each one should remember the fact that the doctrines of the Cobden club have been spurned by every great country in the world save Great Britain. There is not another civilized nation on the globe which has free trade to-day except herself. Shall we stultify ourselves by adopting a theory which the whole world joins in refusing to accept?

Our Sewing Machine.

The Success It Has Had—Preparing to Fill All Orders—The Guarantee We Give.

The New Blade Sewing Machine has now been long enough before the public to demonstrate that it is a complete success. Hundreds of them have been in use for months, and the testimony of purchasers is that it is as good a machine, in every respect, as those which retail all over the country at from $45 to $60. That is to say, it not only does as good work, as perfect, and covering as great a range of goods, from leather or the heaviest cloth to the finest cambric in thickness; but it is as well made, of as good materials, as finely finished, and in any and every respect the equal of the highest-priced machines. Of course, it is far superior to the cheaper machines.

As to price, other newspapers sell you a cheap machine, not one-half so good, for $22 and upward; we give you the machine and The Weekly Blade one year for $18. You save money, get a first-class machine and a copy of the best weekly newspaper in the United States for less money than one of those cheap and unsatisfactory machines would cost you.

We sold hundreds of the New Blade Machines last fall, and we do not know of one that is not doing good work and giving perfect satisfaction to its purchaser. During the past summer we have made no special effort to push the machine, but we have been selling an average of five or six per day, right along. We can recommend the machine unreservedly now, for it has been tested in hundreds of homes, and proved itself worthy of the full guarantee we give. We know it is going to sell enormously this fall, and we have prepared ourselves to meet the demand. We have facilities to furnish fifty machines per day this fall and winter, and we expect to sell at that rate during the renewal season of subscriptions. We have had letters from a great many people who stated that they contemplated purchasing a machine after harvest, and we are now ready to fill their orders.

There is no risk whatever in purchasing a New Blade Sewing Machine. We advertise that, in case any machine does not give satisfaction after fair trial, we will replace it with a new machine or refund the money, as you prefer. In all the machines thus far sold we have in only three or four instances been called upon to replace a machine, and this was because of injury in transit. We have never had but one call to refund the money—which we did—and we think this was from a person who really did not want a maching; for when it came back it was in perfect order. On the other hand, we have received hundreds of letters from purchasers who are not only entirely satisfied but more than pleased with their machines. Read the advertisement of the machine on another page.

Read the Question Bureau this week. You will find there some important matters bearing on the present political campaign.

"WHO PAYS THE DUTY?"

The British Trade Review, of London, in an editorial discussion of the trade returns of Great Britain for the past seven months, remarks on the significance of the fact that while the amount of British exports shows a decided decrease for that period, the decrease in the total value is still greater proportionally. The Review accounts for this by saying that "the recent additions to foreign and colonial tariffs have compelled the producers" of Great Britain "to sacrifice price in certain cases about equal to the rise in these tariffs." Here is an admission, from a most trustworthy British authority, that the point insisted upon by the Republican press of the United States is correct, and that the manufacturers of those foreign goods we import, in order to hold their trade against the American competition, make special reductions of their selling prices to meet the tariff duty imposed—thus practically paying the duty themselves. The Trade Review goes on to say:

One effect of protection, such as foreign countries are now presenting and enforcing against our exports, is that they often get what they want of our goods at reduced prices and a contribution to their revenues at the same time. If there were no such tariffs the reverse effects would follow: Our manufacturers could demand better prices; the revenues of these states (as in our) would be chiefly a burden on their own industries, and ultimately borne by their own people. But as it is these protectionist countries take their taxes out of foreigners using their markets, and get the benefit of both foreign and home competition.

The question 'Who pays the customs duties, the producer or consumer?' was warmly debated at the recent Commercial Congress, and the returns now issued appear to show that producers, no less than consumers, are made to suffer. There are circumstances often connected with tariff changes which render an increase of duties not at all a bad stroke of business for the merchant. It is only when a trade is practically annihilated that the intermediary as well as the producer suffers.

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer, on the fifth page of this issue.

Henri Watterson declares that the Democrats will restore the sugar duties "as soon as they get the power." We are glad Henri has the honesty to admit that the Democrats will tax sugar again. Furthermore, how kind in him to put in the saving slause, "as soon as they get the power." They will never get it.

The Supreme court of New York state has affirmed the decision of Judge Rumsey in the Monroe county apportionment case, in which the reapportionment under the law passed by the Democratic legislature was declared to be unconstitutional. This sounds the doom of the Democratic legislative gerrymander in the Empire State.

The weakness of the People's party is shown by its not carrying a single county in Arkansas at the recent election. The "Populists" are going the way of the old greenback party.

There is a revival of the talk among the Maine Republicans of sending James G. Blaine to the Senate. It would give intense satisfaction to the Republicans of the nation.

The reason the Pulitzer corruption fund for use in the West will fail is that the people of that section are ruled by their convictions, not by dollars.

No man who is not a free trader has any business in the Democratic party; and those who are not are getting out very rapidly.

Cobb thinks that it will be Tom Watson's time to remark "Where was I at?" when the Congressional vote is counted.

Isaac Pusey Gray objects to stumping for Adlai. He says it would be like preaching his own funeral sermon.

Winter will beat the cholera by playing a game of "freeze-out."

THE TAX ON STATE BANK CIRCULATION.

The national banking law imposes a ten per cent tax upon the circulating notes of all banks of issue not organized under its own provisions. The result of this taxing is to prevent all other banks than national ones from issuing notes. The Democratic national platform of this year demands the repeal of this provision. The result of the repeal would be the establishment of a vast number of small banks all over the country, each issuing notes. The question for the people to decide by their votes is, whether they favor this or not. The question is really not a political one; it should be discussed on its merits, and a decision be reached without raising partisan feeling over a purely business matter. We shall discuss first the reasons advanced in favor of it, and then the objections raised against the plan.

There are two arguments used by those who favor state banks of issue—by which is meant banks organized under state laws, as distinguished from those under the national banking act. The first is that the issue of notes will so increase the profits of banking that it will cause the establishment of banks in towns where none now exist, and thus promote the public convenience. The second is that their notes will furnish money at local centers, and thus relieve the scarcity of money which is alleged to prevail in the agricultural sections, especially the newly-settled portions.

As to the first, the issue of notes is not a necessary part of the banking business; and a town which has not enough business to support a bank in its natural and proper business of receiving deposits and lending them to persons who can furnish proper security for the loan, does not need a bank. As to the second, the fallacy lies in the belief that borrowing money is conducive to prosperity. The scarcity of money in the sparsely-settled agricultural sections is not because there is not sufficient money in the country taken as a whole, for there is. The United States has plenty of money for all the needs of business. It is because the people of that locality are poor. They own land, have live stock and farm machinery, and the sale of their crops brings to them the money they receive. Many of them are in debt, either for the land or for improvements thereon, and the money for their crops goes first to pay what they owe to the storekeepers of whom they buy, and then to reduce the debt on their farms. They want more money; but let us consider this question: How can they, how can any man, get money? There are but two honest modes. First, to sell something that has money value; but they have nothing of this kind, aside from their farms, and the live stock and machinery to utilize the land. Second, to borrow it. Would more banks help them to borrow? We think not; but suppose it did. The relief would be only temporary. It would increase the interest they have to pay each year, and add to the amount of their debts. To create debt as a means of getting out of debt is always poor policy. Hence we are compelled to believe that these two arguments advanced in favor of more small banks are not sound ones.

The objections to the scheme are two: First, that it will perilously increase the amount of paper money, and eventually cause its depreciation; second, the constant loss to the people because such bank currency will not circulate very far away from home, and its necessary want of uniformity. The first is all-sufficient. The fact is not so well known as it should be that our paper currency is perilously large in proportion to the gold upon which it is based. We have $346,000,000 of greenbacks, $173,000,000 of national bank notes, $110,000,000 of "coin" Treasury notes issued under the silver law of 1890, and $410,000,000 of silver dollars and silver certificates redeemable only in silver dollars. This is a total, in round numbers, of $1,039,000,000 of inferior currency—for it is to be always remembered that the market value of the silver dollar is only about 65 cents—that is, about 65 per cent of its face value.

Why does this vast volume of silver, silver paper and paper promises to pay, over a billion dollars in total, circulate at its face value in gold? The main reason is, because gold can be obtained for it at the United States Treasury. It is all accepted by the government for duties and internal revenue taxes, the same as gold; any form of it is exchangeable for greenbacks or for "coin" Treasury notes, and the latter are redeemed in gold by the Treasury, whenever gold is demanded. Fortunately for the finances of the people, gold is as yet but rarely demanded, and so far in but small amounts. The Treasury has but about $113,000,000 in gold at this writing, and the danger of a demand which would absorb all this is greater than the masses of our people appreciate.

What woul be the result if all this gold were paid out, and none available to meet demands? It would mean a depreciation of all this vast mass of paper and silver—or to put the same thing in another way, gold would go to a premium. This does not mean that gold would increase in absolute value in purchasing power; but that all other kinds of money in this country, save gold and gold certificates, would depreciate in value. A drop of 1 per cent would mean a loss to the whole people, who hold this $1,039,000,000, of $10,390,000; and when it reached the silver basis, as it undoubtedly would speedily, it would mean a loss of over 467 million dollars in purchasing power. Speaking of this subject a financial writer in the New York Sun, Democratic, says:

The gold in the banks and in private hands is of no use for redemption purposes, because the banks can pay all claims upon them with legal tender notes and with silver, and so can private persons. When the currency now circulating at the West and Southwest among the farmers and planters comes back to this center, as it probably will by February 1, and is re-enforced by the additional coin notes issued monthly under the act of July, 1890, the strain on the treasury will become greater, and a very slight increase of the present shipments abroad would compel a suspension by the treasury of gold payments, with all its accompanying evils. To encourage further issues of paper money in the face of these facts is financial foolishness.

Any man who realizes the full import of this objection can not fail to see that it is fatal to the project of state bank issues at this time. We are already on the danger line. We have too much paper and silver, in proportion to the gold we have. By the side of this the other objection, concerning the losses to the people from the uncurrency of bank bills in all parts of the country, is but a small one; but if it were the only one, it of itself is great enough to stamp the trade project as unwise.

"The McKinley tariff law has turned every workshop in the land into a Republican campaign headquarters."—David B. Hill.

Jack Frost is coming speedily, and with his advent the cholera danger is over for this year.

Questions for Farmers.

Wherewith to Corner the Free Traders—Try Them on These Questions.

There is a constant attempt by free traders to make the farmers believe that protection is of no benefit to them. That assertion will not stand the test. Here is a list of questions concerning farmers and the tariff, which we hope our farmer readers will submit to any free trader in their neighborhood. If he undertakes to reply, ask him to answer the entire list, without omission. If he replies to them by an argument which evades this, or an answer which you can not meet, please send us what he says, as well as his name and address, and we will reply to it in The Blade. Here are the questions:

Questions for Free Traders.

The theory is held by free traders—and urged to an extreme by those who are attempting to mislead the American farmers—that "every man has the right to buy where he can buy the cheapest;" that if foreign manufacturers can sell goods cheaper because of the much cheaper labor abroad, there should be nothing to interfere with the American people buying where they please, without paying our duties. Without discussing the fallacy as to the nature of protection on which these statements rest, let us go on and see where they will lead us.

If the above position be sound, does it not follow that no man has a right to follow a business, if he cannot sell his product as cheap as can any one else?

Rice can be raised in China and India at about half what it costs to raise it in the rice-growing sections of the South. Ought not the Southern rice-growers, therefore, to abandon their fields, and let us import all our rice from the East Indies?

The small farmers of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Kentucky, and other of the older states, cannot raise corn as cheaply per bushel as it can be raised in Iowa, Kansas and Illinois, because their land is not so well adapted to it. Should not they abandon the cultivation of corn, and buy their supplies of those who can raise it cheaper?

No small farmer can raise wheat as cheaply per bushel as it can be done on the great bonanza farms of the Northwest—in the Dakotas, Minnesota and Manitoba. Should they not abandon wheat-raising, then, and let those who can raise it cheaper have the market?

But the wheat-raisers of India, whose labor is that of ryots at a few cents a day, can raise wheat cheaper than can any farmer in North America. The cultivation of wheat has been enormously extended there within the past few years. Should not the people of the United States who are not farmers buy India wheat, because it is cheaper than American?

The great pampas of South America are the world's ideal grazing grounds. Cattle can be raised there so cheap, that they have been raised for their hides and tallow alone, the flesh being thrown away. Should not the American people import South American cattle for food, instead of buying the dearer American cattle?

Australia is especially adapted for wool-raising, and so are portions of South America and of Southern Africa. Wool can be raised in all these countries much more cheaply than it can be in the United States. Should we not buy all our wool there, because we can buy it cheaper, and not of the American farmers?

If no American farmer or planter can raise wheat, nor sugar, nor rice, nor wool, nor cattle, as cheaply as it can be done in some other country, ought he not abandon these industries, and let us buy these things where we can buy them cheapest?

CONSUL WILLIAMS'S FACTS.

Mr. O. F. Williams, United States consul at Havre, the chief port from which our French imports come, gives, in a recent letter to the New York Tribune, some interesting facts regarding the workings of the new tariff law as regards the exports from Havre:

First—Of all merchandise coming to the United States from that port, 65.44 per cent is on our free list.

Second—The value of the goods on which the new tariff law reduced the duty was 50.51 per cent of the total value of all exports from Havre to this country.

Third—That 87.24 per cent of the reduction was on tropical products and other articles not produced here. This is in accord with the Minneapolis platform—no duties on non-competing products, except luxuries.

Fourth—While duties were reduced on 50.51 per cent, as above, they were increased on competing farm products, liquors, ornaments and luxuries, so as to give a net increase of 1.82 per cent in duty; and 97.1 per cent of the increase came from the duties on farm products, liquors, ornaments and luxuries.

Fifth—That, had the same total amount of merchandise which came to the United States been sent to Great Britain, the duty there would have been greater, by 56-100 of 1 per cent, than was collected here under our new tariff law; had they been imported into France, the duty would have been 3.65 times as much as the duty in the United States!

Sixth—The duty collected here on this merchandise was only equal to 10.25 per cent of the total value of the goods. The rate of duty, had it gone to Great Britain, would have been 10.51 per cent of the total value, and in France 37.41 per cent of the total value.

Seventh—That 55.41 per cent of the total value of this merchandise is on our free list, and paid no duty. Had it entered Great Britain, only 46.43 per cent would have been free, and in France only 3.85 per cent.

There is in this compact statement much food for reflection, and material for discussion. The full report, with all the data upon which these results are founded, will appear in due time in the consular reports issued by the state department.

TO JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRATS.

"Jefferson was solicitous that the people should not buy anything abroad which could be had at home. He set the example of buying the domestic goods instead of the foreign goods, even though the former cost more than the latter. He did not have the depth of sympathy for cheap foreign goods which the new leader of the Democratic party boastfully confesses dwells in his breast. Jefferson was for the home product and the home producer, and his exalted patriotism is commended to those who are leading the party from its ancient moorings." WM. M'KINLEY, Jr.

Tammany and Cleveland seem to have "got together" in New York, but from the actions of their partisans the getting together is like unto that of Kilkenny cats.

GROVER FLUNKS.

The delay of Mr. Cleveland in the presentation of his letter of acceptance is explained. He and his closest political friends have been watching the feeling of the people with regard to the radical free trade plank forced into the Chicago platform by Henry Watterson, Larry Neal, and the radical "free trade or die" knot of extreme theorists who obtained the upper hand in that gathering. Their observations have not been reassuring. Far from it. They see that the Chicago convention went too far. The declarations that a protective tariff is unconstitutional, and that the tariff must be solely for revenue only, are decidedly unpopular, and unless something is done, will lead to inevitable defeat. For every wage-worker sees that if all protection is to be eliminated from the tariff, then all articles that compete with American products or American manufactures must come in free, and the duties needed to pay governmental expenses must be levied on non-competing products—upon coffee, tea, sugar, spices, foreign fruits, drugs and medicines, etc.—and that this would not only reduce wages here, but put a direct tax upon articles which everybody uses, and which now come in free.

Having become satisfied that defeat is inevitable should the campaign be continued with this free trade plank, Mr. Cleveland cast about for some means of evading that issue. But there was none. The "force bill" bogie, he finds, scares nobody. It can not be made an issue in the states of the North, and in the South its value is gone. There is nothing else which can be injected as an issue into the campaign that would save the votes Mr. Cleveland will lose because of the Chicago pronouncement for British free trade.

There is nothing left him but to bolt that plank; and this, it is now said, he will do. He will admit in his letter that protection is right, and must be retained; but will try to make the country believe that the duties now levied are too high, and need reduction. In other words, he is going back to the straddle of the St. Louis platform of four years ago. It will not save him, however. The Chicago platform for the first time revealed the ultimate aim of the Democratic leaders to be the establishment in this country of free trade on the British model, and Mr. Cleveland can not persuade the people that the Chicago convention did not mean it.

Every subscriber will, of course, read our—marvelous announcement, and we want every one, this week—don't wait until next—to sit down and use coupon No. 1. Next week we well tell you how to use the next one.

AN ILLINOIS RAINBOW.

The Democratic national committee has determined to make a desperate effort to capture the electoral vote of Illinois next November. The Chicago Democratic "branch headquarters" was established with a flourish of trumpets, and the announcement given out that the "campaign of education" was to be pushed in Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Illinois, Nebraska and Kansas. Now the programme has been narrowed down to the one state of Illinois. All the work and all the boodle is to be expended in the effort to subvert the politics of that one state.

The reason the wholesale rainbow chase was abandoned was simply the lack of money. Congressman Cable, who opened the Chicago "branch headquarters" with the flaming announcement of what was to be done, was at once pounced upon by heelers and Democrats politicians "on the make," who told him gorgeous tales of what could be done in the Northwest and West—with money. Democratic success could be secured—but it would take money. And each fellow wanted to have the handling of the many thousands he assured Mr. Cable it would require to carry the state he represented.

But the days passed on, and Mr. Cable showed a very strange reluctance to fork over the cash. Nay, he would not even promise it. Now it leaks out that he hasn't the boodle, and has no means of raising any large sum. He has abandoned the chase of all the rainbows except the Illinois one. This, for the reason that he thinks the city of Chicago the most promising field for boodle methods. Hence it follows that the remainder of Illinois will have no share in the campaign fund dispensed by Mr. Cable. In Chicago there are foreigners to be naturalized, lodging-house voters registered, the illiterate taught how to use the Australian ballot and other methods for bringing out the Democratic vote employed, and these things take money—lots of it. That is the end of the gorgeous dream of free trade conquest in the Northwest.

MRS. HARRISON DYING.

The official statement issued by the three eminent physicians in attendance upon Mrs. Harrison at Loon Lake will be received with extreme sorrow by the people of the United States. It announces that her disease is "pulmonary tuberculosis of the right side"—or, to put it in ordinary speech, consumption of the right lung—which is now complicated by an effusion of water in the right chest. Twice this water has been drawn off, but it again gathers. This complication, if not overcome, may cause death within a very short time; and even should it be controlled, a fatal result is inevitable, as consumption of the lungs is an incurable disease.

Mrs. Harrison is a noble woman, with strong moral and religious impulses, yet free from bigotry and prejudice. These qualities have endeared her to the masses of the American people. Her life, since she became mistress of the White House, has been, as is always the case, closely under the public eye; and prone as people are to criticise the most ordinary acts of those living in the glare of public life, no invidious comment has ever been made against Mrs. Harrison. She is accepted as an excellent type of genuine American womanhood, and the sorrow that will follow what now seems the inevitable will be as sincere as it will be universal.

From March 1, 1889, to August 31, 1892, there has been over $259,000,000 of the bonded debt paid. That is, almost one-third of the entire bonded indebtedness of the nation has been paid during Harrison's administration. That is what has become of the surplus which worried Cleveland's soul for four years, and which his administration proved itself entirely inadequate to handle.

Our campaign subscribers should not delay to take advantage of our splendid offer on the fifth page. They have had The Blade long enough to know its excellence, and doubtless desire its weekly visits in the future.

The efforts of the free traders to put Labor Commissioner Peck in jail will have no effect on thinking voters. If Peck's figures can not be controverted, persecution of the man himself will not prove him a falsifier.

A Second Edition

Of 5,000 Copies, Now Ready of "Nasby in Exile"—The Great Success the Book Is Having Among the People.

The edition of 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile," published in June, is now exhausted. The demand has far exceeded our expectations. We now offer the second 5,000 edition on the terms set forth in the large advertisement to be found elsewhere in this paper—which are in fact the same terms we gave on the first edition.

While a great many copies of the first edition have gone in connection with new subscribers, sent by old subscribers for the purpose of obtaining a copy for themselves, and a great many more have gone in connection with voluntary subscriptions to get one, we have been glad to notice that almost every subscriber whose time has expired this summer has renewed his subscription for the next year and called for a copy of this book.

Since this book has been offered, we have renewed almost every one of our expiring subscriptions. Thus far in September, every expiring subscription is being renewed in connection with this book, and the present 5,000 edition can hardly supply the demand of those subscribers whose time is up during the months of September and October. Whether we can afford to offer this premium during the entire winter season, has not yet been decided; but it is very uncertain that a third edition will be printed. Hence, every one who wants a copy will do well to renew AT ONCE, no matter when his subscription expires; it will be dated forward one full year from date of expiration. Thus he will be sure of obtaining a copy of the book. The advertisement on another page gives a full description of the work. We have not room for both the table of contents and the list of illustrations at the same time; so we alternate them in the advertisement—the contents one week, the illustrations the next. Note two successive issues, and read both.

A QUIET CAMPAIGN.

A most remarkable feature of the Presidetial campaign this year is the quietness with which it is progressing. This is not confined to one party, but shared equally by both. The usual excitement over a national election is this year conspicuous by its absence. There are no tall poles floating flags and streamers inscribed with the candidates' names. There are few uniformed marching clubs, with bands and banners, torches and transparencies. There are no huge night rallies at which the streets are thronged by jubilant partisans, cheering their candidates, making the windows rattle with sonorous campaign songs and marching choruses, amid the blare of bands and the tooting of horns. There is no parade nor flummery, and political enthusiasm is notable for its absence.

But though these hitherto apparently inevitable concomitants of a political campaign are absent this year, the intelligent voters are reading and thinking. They see, for the first time since the war, the issue of free trade distinctly presented by one of the great political parties, and they know that on their decision hangs the economic policy of the nation. Democracy has at last come "out of the brushwood into the open," and the gravity of the change it impudently demands has set men to thinking. They do not need the glare of torches, the shouts of marching thousands, to induce them to make up their minds. Perhaps there is a sprinkling of ignorant and unthinking voters who may be influenced by the usual "enthusiasm" of a campaign, but this year the vote promises to be controlled by the principles presented, and not by campaign parades and displays of red fire.

Do you want a chance to make $500? If so, read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

WHAT FREE TRADE HAS DONE.

"It is an awful fact—it is really not short of awful—that in Great Britain, with all its wealth, all its vast resources, all its power, 45 per cent—that is to say, nearly one-half—of the persons who reach the age of sixty are or have been paupers. I say that it is a tremendous fact, and I cannot conceive any subject more worthy of the attention of the legislature, more worthy of the attention of us all."

JOHN MORLEY.

As a straw showing how the political wind is blowing, the Boston Journal's New York correspondent instances the betting on the November result at the Southern club in that city. The members are all men of Southern birth, now residing in the metropolis, as a rule are Democrats, of course, and will vote for Cleveland. But, says the correspondent, "they are level-headed men in their betting, and put up their money to win. They seldom allow partisan feeling to interfere with their business of laying stakes." And he quotes a prominent member of this club as saying:

A good deal of money has been put up on the presidential election already in one club, but I have heard of no even bets on the general result. In nearly all the betting so far the odds are on Harrison, 7 to 5. Some even bets have been made on Indiana, but none on the result. Harrison has been the favorite up to date. It has been the same way in betting upon the state of New York. The odds are on Harrison every time at about the same figures as on the general result. So far nobody is anxious to stake much money on the Democrats carrying New York for Cleveland, even at substantial odds.

The Census office has published a valuable bulletin on the condition of agriculture in the arid states and territories, and the results of irrigation. From this we find that nearly $30,000,000 capital is invested in productive irrigation, and the returns have been over $65,000,000, or over 218 per cent. The cost of the irrigated farms was about $77,500,000, and their estimated value on June 1, 1890, was nearly $297,000,000. In other words, the irrigated lands are now worth four times their original cost. There is still an enormous area capable of similar improvement by irrigation, and only the great cost delays it. It appears to us that this would be an inviting field for the investment of the many millions of idle capital there are in this country.

We commend to our free trade contemporaries a more careful study of their own telegraphic pages. Editorially, they apparently do not know that there is any tin plate made in the United States, while the news columns convey the information that the American tin-plate works at Elwood, Indiana, have a large and costly plant, and are manufacturing tin-plate at the rate of 2,500 boxes, or six car loads, per week. They also discovered that 75 per cent of the men employed in the works "are skilled laborers, who are paid none less than $2.50 and none more than $10 per day." The world moves, and even the free trade editorial writer will be obliged to progress a little.

CURRENT EVENTS

Umatilla, Ore., lays claim to an Indian 130 years old.

Cincinnati has forbidden its saloons to employ barmaids.

Mr. Gladstone has been a member of parliament since 1832.

Advertisements in newspapers made their first appearance in 1652.

Seven-eighths of the bread used in London is made of American wheat.

It requires $1,000,000 every 24 hours to run Uncle Sam's government.

One hundred typewriters are manufactured every day between sunrise and sunset.

There are 7,320 hansoms and 3,809 four-wheel cabs in the metropolitan district of London.

The soul-moving accordeon was invented by a Viennese musician named Damian, in 1829.

The world consumes 3,000,000,000 lbs. of paper a year, and is supplied by 4,500 paper mills.

The first theater to be lighted throughout with electricity, was the Gaiety in London, in 1878.

Professor A. G. Slocum, of Corning, N. Y., has been elected president of Kalamazoo college, Mich.

Mr. Ruskin's health this last summer has been much better than for several months previous.

The gold the dentists bury away in the human teeth amounts to 1,800 pounds a year in the United States.

Zola is said to believe that the time is not far distant when France will again take up arms against Germany.

A Massachusetts confectioner is putting in a cough drop machine that will cough out one ton of drops every day.

There are no great woolen factories in Egypt, but looms are scattered in small numbers over the whole country.

Mrs. Richard King, of Corpus Christi, Texas, owns 700,000 acres of land and 100,000 head of horses and cattle.

Charlemagne Kochler, formerly a well-known acrop in Booth's company, has decided to become a clergyman.

Grover Cleveland's maternal grandmother kept a bookstore in Baltimore. His mother died in that city in 1882.

The license law of Sweden forbids any person buying drink without purchasing something to eat at the same time.

For 200 years before the establishment of a republic, no son of a French monarch had succeeded his father to the throne.

T. B. Cavanaugh, of Washington, was first man at West Point this year. James P. Avery, of Georgia, stood second.

At a late spiritualistic seance in London, the ghost of Voltaire misplaced his h's, and was unable to understand French.

One of the richest gold discoveries ever made in Eastern Oregon is reported to have been made recently by two men near Olive Lake.

A New Orleans dealer advertises: "Can furnish live alligators at any time and of any length, from nine inches to nine feet long."

George M. Dallas, one of the new judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, has received from Princeton college the degree of doctor of laws.

The French army boasts of four living generals on the retired list who were born in the last century, and of 27 generals who have passed the age of 80.

Ouida resents the interest the public feels in her clothes, her horses, her dogs, and her wine. If Mlle. de la Ramee's face were handsomer she'd scarcely be so resentful.

Lord Rosebery is credited with this sarcastic comment on the taste of the people of Sydney, New South Wales: "They sit on 22 guinea chairs and look at 16 shilling oleographs."

Corot painted 700 sketches. But 12,000 "Corots" have been sold in the Hotel Drouot auctions. Evidently the Parisians sell their customers as well as their wares.

Miss Mary Allen West, of the Union Signal, after most successful temperance work in Honolulu, is now on her way to Japan, where she will establish the W. C. T. U. School of Methods.

That the majority of the Presbyterian churches use unfermented wine at communion was declared to be a fact by the temperance committee of the Presbyterian general assembly at Portland, Ore.

Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, is now in England, and appears to have taken as kindly to the Britishers as they have to him. His speech at the Authors' Society banquet was much applauded and appreciated.

John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, has presented that city with the original bill, sign

Publishers' Desk.

TWO NEW PICTURES.

We have just received two timely pictures, which every reader of The Blade will want. Price 25 cents each, postpaid by mail. Both are 12x17 inches in size.

The first one is, "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS." This is done in fine colors, and is an excellent copy of the great original, which is in the Capitol at Washington.

The second picture is "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA." This also is executed in fine color work, and is a faithful of the renowned painting known by that name.

OUR GREAT HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CHART.

Some time ago we discontinued the advertisement of the above chart in the Weekly Blade, but we still receive so many orders from readers who want it, that we have concluded to fill orders, for a short time, for it and the Weekly Blade at $1.75 for the two; but the offer will soon be withdrawn to make room for new premiums. This Chart is a great political educator, useful in every family where there is young people, as well as for their elders. It is one of the best and most compact resumes of political history, statistics and geographical information ever compiled on one sheet. An hour's study of this Chart will give anybody ten dollars' worth of information. Nothing of the sort published for many years has had so large a sale as this. Read the advertisement in another column, and order during the month of September, without fail!

OUR PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

We are sending out a magnificent portrait, from a very recent photograph, of President Harrison, which shows him exactly as he looks to-day. This portrait is not the same as that we gave with the Weekly Blade four years ago, but is an entirely new one, engraved since the Minneapolis convention. It is very much larger, very much finer, and printed on better paper than that we offered as a premium in 1888.

We cannot give the portrait to all subscribers to the Weekly Blade this year, as we did before, because it is too expensive to present to low-priced campaign club subscribers. But we will send a copy of this new Harrison portrait to any person sending us

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for the Weekly Blade three months, or

FIFTY CENTS for the Weekly Blade six months, or

ONE DOLLAR for the Weekly Blade one year,

PROVIDED, the portrait is asked for when you send your order.

Of course, we do not mean to give but one premium to $1 yearly subscribers. Those who ask for the portrait must not expect any other premium in connection with their yearly subscriptions. Before the end of the campaign we will make an announcement for the benefit of our regular yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade who want the portrait. Address all orders to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," with Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for SIX CENTS (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1." Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $150,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose, for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHARGED TO HIM.

The farmer's daughter—pretty maid—
And I—a city chap—
Were strolling in the eventide—
The softest kind of snap.

The maid was fair, the time was apt—
What mortal could resist her?
And so I stole my arm about
Her taper waist and kissed her.

The girl was pleased, 'twas plain to see,
And so I took my fill;
But was chagrined to find them all
Included in my bill.
—Middletown Conglomerate.

A Big Bell.

The largest bell in Maine hangs in the tower of the Androscoggin mill, at Lewiston. The tongue is as tall as a man and six times heavier. When rung as loud as it is possible, the concussion breaks the glass in the windows along the front of the mill.

A MARVELOUS ANNOUNCEMENT!

Not Only to the Subscribers of the Toledo Weekly Blade,

But to All Who Are Not Subscribers, Especially to Republicans, as Well as Those of Other Parties.

We believe this announcement to be the most remarkable one ever offered by any newspaper to the general public. It is entirely in the interest of our subscribers and of those who may become subscribers under its terms, and will cost us a great deal of money, the advantage being all on the side of the present Blade subscribers, as nearly every one of them will, without doubt, obtain two years' subscription to the Weekly Blade for $1. We feel gratified, however, at being able to give this advantage to our old subscribers, who have most of them been on our lists for many years; and all we ask is that they shall make this matter as public as they conveniently can among their neighbors and friends. We ask no one to take any time to solicit subscriptions for the Weekly Blade on these terms; but it will take only a few minutes to show your friends this remarkable announcement.

Our offer is this:

We will give to every person who reads this announcement, the Weekly Blade one year FREE, if he shall correctly guess who will be elected President of the United States at the coming November election. The conditions are simply these: Fill out the coupon below, with your name and address; write in the proper blank the name of the candidate you think will be the winner; cut out the coupon around the border, and send it to us in a letter with $1 enclosed. Presuming that you are already a subscriber, we will on receipt of this coupon and one dollar extend your time ONE YEAR from the date of expiration of your present subscription (this extension will be made immediately on receipt of your money). This coupon will be carefully filed away until after election. As soon as the result is made known, all those who have guessed correctly the name of the winning candidate will have their time extended for ANOTHER full year, FREE, thereby receiving the Weekly Blade TWO YEARS for the $1 sent us.

(Please bear in mind: Remittances under these terms must be $1 each, current funds, no discount or commission off, and no participation in any other one of our former or present premium offers. Make remittances by money order, express order, postal note, draft on New York or Chicago, or in currency by registered letter. Do not send checks on country banks. Do not send postage stamps, if possible to obtain other funds. No coupon will be filed unless accompanied by $1; neither will a coupon be filed if the remittance is short of the net amount—$1. No commission to agents allowed on this offer.)

Furthermore, we offer you still more advantages. Notice on the coupon the blank to be filled out with your guess as to the TOTAL NUMBER of votes which will be cast for ALL candidates at the coming Presidential election. Fill in this out also, and you will participate in 206 opportunities for cash premiums, according to the premium list following:

LIST OF PREMIUMS:

1—$500 CASH to the one guessing the figures of the total vote.
2—$100 CASH to the next nearest.
3.....$50 to the next
4.....$25 to the next
5.....$20 to the next
6.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
7.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
8.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
9.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
10.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
11.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
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14.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
15.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
16.....$19 to the next
17.....$18 to the next
18.....$17 to the next
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22.....$13 to the next
23.....$12 to the next
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50.....$10 to the next
51.....$10 to the next
52.....$10 to the next
53.....$10 to the next
54.....$10 to the next
55.....$10 to the next
56.....$10 to the next

In addition to the above fifty-six premiums, we propose to add 150 new Blade Sewing Machines, in case our total renewals and subscriptions reach the number of 150,000. This will make the number of premiums 206, instead of the 56 given above, to be participated in by the 206 guessing nearest to the total number of votes polled at the coming election.

In case we receive less than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers, but 100,000 or more, we shall add 100 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above list of premiums, making the total number of premiums 156, instead of 56, as stated above.

In case we fall short of 100,000 renewals and new subscriptions, but receive 75,000 or more, we shall add 50 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above premium list, making the total number of premiums offered 106, instead of 56, as stated above.

We confidently expect to receive more than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers on the terms of this offer. We believe more than 100,000 of our present 115,000 subscription list will immediately renew on the terms of this offer; and it is certainly safe to estimate that 50,000 new subscribers will come to us, if our friends will take a little pains to show this offer to their neighbors and friends.

We shall not be surprised if 250,000 people avail themselves of this offer before the coming election day; and we are making extraordinary preparations to take care of that number of subscriptions.

The coupon below explains itself. All you have to do is to plainly fill it out, write your name and address very plainly, add your guesses carefully in their proper places; then cut the coupon from the paper, and mail it to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," with $1 inclosed.

Be particular, also, in the proper place on the coupon, to write "Renewal" if your name is now on our books, either as an annual or campaign subscriber; or "New" if your name is not on our books at present. This is merely to facilitate our work in the counting-room and mailing-room.

SOME FIGURES TO HELP.

As an aid to you in estimating what the total popular vote for President will be this year, we give you below the official figures of the total popular vote at the last four Presidential elections:

POPULAR VOTE, 1876.

Tilden, Dem.	4,284,885
Hayes, Rep.	4,033,950
Cooper, Greenback	81,740
Green Clay Smith, Proh.	9,522
Walker, American	2,636
Total vote, 1876.	8,412,733

POPULAR VOTE, 1880.

Garfield, Rep.	4,449,053
Hancock, Dem.	4,442,035
Weaver, Gbk.	307,306
Dow, Proh.	10,305
Phelps, American	707
Total vote, 1880.	9,209,406

POPULAR VOTE, 1884.

Cleveland, Dem.	4,911,017
Blaine, Rep.	4,848,334
St. John, Proh.	151,809
Butler, People's	133,825
Total vote, 1884.	10,044,985

POPULAR VOTE, 1888.

Cleveland, Dem.	5,538,233
Harrison, Rep.	5,440,216
Fisk, Proh.	249,907
Streeter, Union Labor	148,105
Cowdry, United Labor	2,808
Curtis, American	1,591
Total vote, 1888.	11,380,860

Since the Presidential election of 1888, six new states have been admitted to the Union—North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. They were Territories in 1888, and as the people in the Territories have no vote for the Presidency, they are of course not included in the above table. We give below the total vote of each of these six states at the last state election:

	Total vote.
North Dakota (governor, 1890).	36,480
South Dakota (governor, 1890.)	77,607
Montana (congress, 1890.)	31,000
Washington (congress 1890.)	54,803
Idaho (governor, 1890.)	18,210
Wyoming (governor, 1890.)	16,032
Total	234,231

Study the above tables carefully. Note the rate of increase each four years; determine in your own mind what the increase this year will be; add what you think the total vote of the six new states will reach; and you will thus get close upon what the total vote for President this fall will be.

This blank coupon will be published seven weeks—the first publication in the issue of September 23, and the last on November 3. Every subscriber will therefore receive seven of these coupons. You will need but one for your own use. See how many of the other six you can influence your friends to use.

It is important that you IMMEDIATELY send your own renewal, no matter if you have just subscribed. Your time will be extended for one year more, anyhow, and for two years if you make the correct guess. We expect every subscriber whose subscription does not expire until next summer or next fall, to just as promptly send us immediately another year's renewal, as if his time expired next month. It is an offer that we shall never make again, and it is certainly to your interest to take advantage of it now.

The time is very short. Therefore, don't delay an hour after first reading this advertisement.

ONLY UNTIL NOVEMBER 8TH.

The terms of this offer will expire with all orders RECEIVED by us on November 8th. No coupons will be filed which are received AFTER that date.

We urge again that you send your renewal immediately. For the convenience of our clerical work, we ask you not to postpone it until the last week of the offer.

Here is the coupon:

COUPON.

Cut out this and enclose with your order for the WEEKLY BLADE one year, first filling out the following blank. This Coupon is not valid unless accompanied by $1.00 in current funds, for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE.

I believe _____ *will be Elected President of the United States at the coming November Election.*

This is a _____ *Subscription.*

If your name is now on our books, write "Renewal" in the blank space; if not, write "New."

I believe the Total Number of Votes Cast for all Presidential Candidates at the coming November Election, will be _____

Name _____

Post Office _____

County _____

State _____

Date _____ *1892.*

No. 1.

Read it carefully; fill in the blanks, cut it out and send it with one dollar to "THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO."

A LADY DENTIST.

Dr. Carrie Wolfsbruck the Only Woman Graduate in New York.

A most successful dentist is Dr. Carrie Wolfsbruck, of East Forty-fifth street, who is associated with Dr. Henry F. Dean. When I called on her a few days ago the room I was ushered into was filled with patients who were awaiting their turn. The room was an old-fashioned, large parlor decorated very prettily with Japanese hangings, rugs

DR. CARRIE WOLFSBRUCK.

and ornaments. Everything in it looked charmingly odd; there were ever so many frogs and other stuffed animals fastened on the curtains, on the mantel and on the furniture.

In the adjoining room (a very large back parlor) I saw Dr. Wolfsbruck beside a dentist's chair filling a gentleman's teeth. She went about her work in a very business-like and apparently skillful manner. Her movements were exceedingly graceful.

She has a perfect figure and is an attractive and pretty brunette. She is one of those interesting women who seem to grow prettier the longer you talk with them. When asked to tell me something about herself, she said:

"Well, I am proud to state that I am the only lady graduate in the state of New York and the only one that has a recommendation from Dr. Colton. I graduated out of a class of thirty, all men except myself. Only five of them passed, and naturally I felt quite proud of my success.

"I have a great deal to do," she continued; "I stand at my chair from morning till night, filling and extracting teeth. I like to extract them with gas, and I can pull thirty teeth in one and one-half minutes. I also make sets of teeth."

The fair dentist said that most all her patients are men; but she also has many ladies and children as regular patients. She says she loves her profession and tries to make it a success for her own sake and for that of her patients.

"I have taken a little rest this summer," she said, "and went to the Thousand Islands for two weeks. But I had to have a change, as I was worn out with work."

Society Items.

Messrs. Murray Hill and Harlem Heights have been spending a week with their families out at Manhattan Beach, enjoying sea bathing and other Coney island luxuries. One day while paddling about in the scant costume peculiar to surf bathers, Mr. Murray Hill tapped his friend on the shoulder and said:

"By the way, Mr. Heights, my wife has invited some friends to a little party, and there will be some dancing. I want you to come. Do you hear?"

"All right, old boy, I'll be there. I suppose it will be a bang-up affair, and I'll have to come in regular ball costume?"

"Oh, no; come just as you are."—Texas Siftings.

A Way They Have in Chicago.

When Otto Young started out to raise $5,000,000 by popular subscription, so that the committee of Chicagoans that went to Washington to get the fair would have something to show besides a map of the city, he called on Mr. Higinbotham for a contribution from Marshall Field & Co. The future president of the exposition was at his desk surrounded by a group of employes, all waiting to consult him on important questions. Mr. Young laid his list on Mr. Higinbotham's desk. Mr. Higinbotham reached for his pen and wrote: "Marshall Field & Co., $100,000."—Chicago Herald.

AT LAST.

When the mystic veil is riven,
And to blind eyes is given
Light,
Comes swift and glad surprise; seeing—
All the way, so near—Him leading, being
Light.

Picked the Emperor's Pocket.

A man who could make a great name for himself temporarily if he wished to do so, is the individual who picked the pocket of the German Emperor at a recent review of troops. The anonymous person relieved the illustrious warlord of a 100-mark note, some keys and a gold ring. It was a notable achievement, but the enterprising follower of the light-fingered craft is naturally modest about claiming the credit due him.

The Voice of Experience.

"What," said the lecturer, warming to his subject, "what will unman a bright youth more, what will destroy his ambition quicker than the calamity of being thrown overboard by the object of his worship?"

"Marrying her," piped the henpecked man in the rear of the hall, and the audience tittered and even the lecturer smiled.—Cape Cod Item.

Even a Bookworm.

Father—I can't make out what's come over you at all, my son; you neglect your lessons and do nothing but play about all over the place. It's very surprising, for you used to be most studious, a regular bookworm, in fact, but you've turned altogether now.

Son—Well, father, even a worm will turn, you know.—Ally Sloper.

A September Dirge.

Lay aside the tennis stockings
That our darling used to wear,
Put away the ribboned jacket
And the canvas shoes with care;
O'er the lawn propel a roller,
Take the snowy netting down—
Darling Maude has packed her trunk and
For the winter gone to town!
—N. Y. Herald.

Unappreciated Thoughtfulness.

Husband—Goodby, my dear. I'll be dreadfully lonesome while you're away in the country.

Wife—I know you will, love, and I've prepared for it. Here's a nice new desk and a set of chips.—New York Evening Sun.

Well Armed for the Feat.

In London there is a cripple entirely without legs who is said to surpass his comrades in school in his skill of swimming. He is furthermore an excellent runner, moving along rapidly by means of his muscular arms.

Wasn't Always So.

Mrs. Benedict—I've noticed that at dinner your husband seems to help you with a great deal of deliberation.

Mrs. Matron—Yes, my dear. That's because he always picks out the best end of the meat for himself.—N. Y. Sun.

An Oversight.

He—Do you know that it has always seemed strange to me that I have never married?

She—Dear me, haven't any of the girls ever given you their reasons for refusing you?—N. Y. Herald.

Two Fears.

She (tremblingly)—How am I to know that you are not marrying me for my money?

He (speciously)—And how am I to know that you are not marrying me to reform me?—Judge.

Overheard in the Dark.

Masculine voice (from the dim, dark corner)—Why do you put cold cream on your lips?

And the funny part was that the man couldn't see an inch before his face.—Harlem Life.

Friendly Advice.

Maud—My only object in getting married is to get a home.

Ethel—Wouldn't it be better to wait a few years more and then go to an old ladies' home?—N. Y. Herald.

A Vital Question.

He—Is my hat on straight?

She—Yes. The idea! Why do you ask such a question?

He I'm going out in a canoe.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Woman.

They say she's a creature of whims and moods,
With nothing stable about her;
This may be true, but she's charming, too,
And we can't get along without her.
—N. Y. Press.

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer, on the fifth page of this issue.

A CAMPAIGN REALIZATION.

Tune—"Oh Susannah." Key—C.

I had a dream the other night,
When every thing was still;
I saw Boss Grover struggling up
The Presidential hill.
The Solid South was on his breast,
The Mugwumps in his eye.
He saw Ben Harrison in the West,
And then began to cry.

Chorus.

Oh, Ben Harrison,
Help me to some safe shore,
And I'll go back to Buffalo
And stay for evermore.

And in my dream I next beheld
The man from Indiana,
Above him waved the Stars and Stripes,
The glorious Union banner.
A host of freemen round him press'd
And waved their banners high.
While from the North, the East, and West
Was heard the deafening cry.

Chorus.

Oh, Ben Harrison,
Brave, loyal, true and free,
We'll send you on to Washington,
Our President to be.

A mighty host of soldiers rose
From bloody battle-fields,
With "Union, Freedom, Victory,"
Grav'd on their glitting shields.
They wav'd the glorious Stars and Stripes
Above their ranks of blue,
They cried, "In war you stood by us,
In peace we'll stand by you."

Chorus.

Oh, Ben Harrison,
Brave, loyal, true and free,
We'll send you on to Washington,
Our President to be.
—Cleveland Leader.

TO VOTE FOR PROTECTION.

Reasons Why the Well-Known Manufacturer of Agate Ironware Cannot Support Cleveland.

New York Tribune:—There is a big factory at Woodhaven, L. I., owned by the Lalance & Grosjean Manufacturing company. They turn out agate ironware and give employment steadily to about fourteen hundred men. The factory building covers six acres—the space of about four city lots. It is a handsome building and the people who labor under its roof take away several thousands of dollars in wages for each day of their toil. The president of this prosperous concern is Florien Grosjean. He is a native of France, and came to America forty-two years ago. Some thirty-one years ago he established a spool factory in a basement at Hester and Elizabeth streets, employing only three men. That was the nucleus of the large industry of which he is to-day the head. The city office of the company is at No. 19 Cliff street.

Mr. Grosjean, who has been a lifelong Democrat, has announced his intention to deposit his vote this year for protection and reciprocity, and Harrison and Reid, and he has a strong, clear reason for the faith that is in him.

"I am," he said yesterday, "very fond of Mr. Cleveland, and I have always voted the Democratic ticket, and have done what I could to help elect it. Both times that Mr. Cleveland ran I voted and worked for him, and helped in the party's hurrah when he was elected; but I can no longer antagonize my own interests and the interests of the fourteen hundred men in our employ by lending encouragement to a free trade propaganda. It is plain to me that the establishment of a free trade system would eventually force us to close our factory and throw out of work the operatives, most of whom now have comfortable homes on Long Island. Personally, I would strain a vote for Mr. Cleveland, but practical experience has given me a fear of the results of free trade, which no argument, personal or political, can overbalance. France and Germany both tried free trade and forsook it, and now from England comes the premonitory murmur of a great crisis. Great Britain will be forced to adopt some form of protective tariff system."

"What has been the effect of the present tariff upon your business?"

"Well, on the strength of it we are now making an addition to our factory, and will take 600 more hands into employment. If I believed that a free trade law, or anything approximating it was to be passed in the near future, I should stop these improvements and prepare to go out of business. We use about a hundred tons of iron a week in the factory, and are now building a rolling mill in Harrisburg, Pa., which will employ 600 men. We have never had a strike, and our men seem well content. Personally, I could retire from business and close the factory, but do not wish to do so as long as we can pay good wages to hundreds of men and make ends meet.

"A few days ago I had a talk with Congressman Combs, of Brooklyn, and told him I meant to vote for Harrison and Reid on tariff grounds. He said that free trade, or tariff for revenue, meant a duty of 40 per cent, after all. I told him that such a large duty was protection really, and the sooner the Democrats gave the country to understand it in that light, the better for them. But, somehow, I do not see it in the same way Mr. Combs does.

"In the course of a few years we shall be manufacturing as fine a quality of tin in this country as they do in Wales. Does any one pretend to say that tin could be made here in opposition to the pauper labor which is employed in Great Britain? The question answers itself. Steel rails are manufactured here now, yet only a few years ago England had a complete monopoly of that industry.

"We must reason from effect back to cause. Did free trade bring about that? In looking at this matter I admit that I form judgments more largely from my personal experience and personal observation than from an analysis of theories or speculation. Under a free trade provision I should never have been able to start my factory. The Democratic calamity cry that the McKinley bill, if it became a law, would bring disaster upon the consumer, has had two years for verification. As yet the disaster has not come. The workingmen get as good, and in many cases better wages, and the prices of commodities have not advanced. If the workingman here pays a larger price for his necessaries than the laborer of Europe, it is balanced by the fact that his wages are many times in excess of those of his brother on the other side of the water. The protection under which he earns and buys is constantly creating a larger demand for the product of his labor.

"I am out squarely for protection and reciprocity. That means mutual free trade, and we will not be giving something for nothing. The increase in our trade with South American countries since reciprocity measures went into effect has created consternation in England. That in itself is eloquent. I intend to do all I can to elect Harrison and Reid, and shall take pains to see to it that employes in my care have a thorough opportunity to gain a clear understanding of the questions at issue in his campaign."

SOME WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBITS

They Are All Genuine Relics—An Interesting List.

The chair occupied by Thomas Jefferson while writing the Declaration of Independence; the table on which it was signed; the silver inkstand used on that occasion; Thomas Jefferson's sword; chair of memorial woods, including parts of Columbus's house in Spain; bell rung at Valley Forge when Washington occupied that place with his army; sofa belonging to George Washington and used by him when he lived in Philadelphia; bench made from pew in old Christ church occupied by Washington and Lafayette; punch bowl used by General Washington and other officers of the Revolutionary army and the baby clothes made by Mrs. John Adams for her son, John Quincy Adams.

There will also be an ale mug that belonged to John Paul Jones; Peal's portrait of Washington, the first ever painted; first lightning rod invented by Ben Franklin; electrical machine invented by Franklin; original model of John Fitch's steamboat, which ran between Philadelphia and Burlington, N. J., from 1787 to 1790; unsigned copy of the Declaration of Independence; fans used by Franklin at the Court of France, when he was minister there; cast of Washington's face taken during life from the original mold used for Houdon's statue; clocks of Benjamin Franklin, William Penn and Oliver Cromwell, running and keeping good time; Thomas Jefferson's thermometer; lock of Jefferson's hair; Pocahontas's necklace; surveying instrument used by William Penn in laying out the city of Philadelphia, and the famous Liberty bell.

HOME-MADE GHOST STORY.

An Indianian Tells a Bit of Modern Hoosier Folk Lore.

"A weird story of the periodical appearance of a headless man is told of a house near the old home of Abraham Lincoln's mother in Indiana," said S. B. Marlet, of Indianapolis, at the Grand Pacific.

"A strange man moved into that community many years before the war, and lived very much to himself in a log cabin. One morning the neighbors noticed that the newcomer was making arrangements to build a house. Nothing was thought of it. In the course of a reasonable length of time the house was finished. Within a few days after the house was finished the owner disappeared.

"In a little while it was whispered that the form of a headless man could be seen roaming over the place at about 6 o'clock each evening. Presently a young married man moved into the community, who laughed at what he termed a foolish story, and declared that he would live in the house. So he moved all of his effects into the house, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon left his wife and child in the place, not having told his wife of the ghost story.

"At about 7 o'clock in the evening he, with his neighbor, returned home. They found the young wife kneeling in the middle of the floor, wringing her hands and moaning. She was finally quieted enough to tell them that at 6 o'clock the headless man passed through the room, saying: 'Oh, Lord, have mercy on me!' He then told her, she said, to dig under the front door.

"The young woman then commenced raving, and soon after was taken to the asylum, and died there a maniac.

"The neighbors dug where directed, and found a quantity of gold, but would not permit the young man to touch it, because of his heartlessness in leaving his wife alone under such circumstances. The 'headless man' is said to have never appeared again."

A WOMAN'S FATE.

"I hate you, I hate you," the maiden said,
And her eyelid drooped, and her face grew red,
And she turned from her lover and hung her head.

The flush crept up to her rich brown hair,
And she plucked to pieces a rosebud fair
As she stole a glance at her lover there.

And he, these men are so full of guile,
His eyes a-glistening with mirth the while,
Looked calmly on with a doubting smile.

"I hate you, I hate you," she said again,
And she tapped her toe on the carpet then,
As if each tap were a stab at men.

Her lip was a-quiver, her eyes in mist,
Her cheek and throat, as the sun-gods kissed,
Were bathed in the essence of amethyst.

And then her love with a startled look,
Grew serious quite, and his face forsook
The confident glow which it erstwhile took.

And, "Oh, very well," as he rose to go,
"And if it please you to have it so,
Why, so it shall be, as you doubtless know."

He took one step, but a-sudden turned—
Oh, much the sweetest is bliss unearned—
And looked in the tear-wet eyes that yearned.

No word she spoke, but her arms entwined
Around his neck. Oh, a woman's mind
Is a puzzle, to which no key you'll find.

Upon his shoulder she laid her head,
And he kissed her cheek, which was still rose-red;
"You know I hate you!" was all she said.
The Wasp.

A Unique Pin.

The latest novelty in the scarf-pin line has just been brought home from Europe by a young man who picked up half a dozen in Vienna as presents to his friends. It is an exceedingly clever enameled representation of a cigarette stump with the ashes on it, and the length of the whole is about three-quarters of an inch. The young man who brought them home had a good deal of fun with one in the cafe of a fashionable club the other evening by sticking it on the left breast of his coat just below the shoulder. At least a dozen men reached out at different times and tried to brush it off with some exclamation of excuse, and each one acknowledged that he had been completely fooled. "It's not a very aesthetic idea in scarf-pins," said the owner, "but you can have ten times as much fun with it as a four-leaved clover, or a violet with a diamond dew-drop on it." And so you can.—Philadelphia Record.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

She strolls beside the ocean blue,
The center of all eyes
In bathing robe of vivid hue
And most penurious size.

But oh, how strange, two months from now
To see her red lips curl,
As at the play with frowning brow,
She views the ballet girl.
—Philadelphia Music and Drama.

A French Patriarch.

Adolph Zemerl, who died April 2, in the district of Guizot, France, was in possession of documentary evidence which proved that he was born in 1742. When old Zemerl first saw the light of day Washington was a lad of but 10 tender years. Wellington was not born until 27 years later and Waterloo was 73 years in the future. Zemerl's allotment of years exceeded those of all men of recent times except Henry Jenkins and "Old Parr," two English worthies, and the former of whom lived to be 169 years old and the latter 152. If each of "Old" Zemerl's ancestors had equalled him in point of longevity and each had come into the world at the precise moment his immediate predecessor left it, the thirteenth one might have been present at the crucifixion of our Saviour and have been old enough to have understood its awful import, too.—Exchange.

Dared Not Use a Brush.

Gen. Alger, according to a current story, once went to a political meeting in a railway train with Mr. Applegate of the Adrian Times, for a traveling companion. Reaching his destination the ex-governor carefully removed the dust and cinders from his clothing with a silver-backed brush and then offered it to Mr. Applegate. "That will do, general," was the response, "but I used that brush before this crowd I wouldn't have a subscriber left in the morning."

Scented Table Linen.

Fastidious housekeepers are beginning to line their table linen drawers with sachet pads, which are scented with violet, lavender, clover or wild-rose powder, or with the natural flowers, sun-dried at home. The coffee, tray cloths and napkins thus catch a whiff of wood and meadow fragrance, but to be in perfect taste they must avoid any perfume which is in the least degree heavy. A mere soupcon of sweetness is permissible, and it must be of the most delicate origin.

Medical Item.

Medical Student—I think, father, when I have graduated I will become a specialist.

Father—What sort of specialist?

"I think I will make a specialty of ear diseases."

"I think you had better become a tooth specialist; man has only two ears, but he has thirty-two teeth that are always more or less out of order."—Texas Siftings.

Two Birds With One Stone.

This is the best parrot we have, but I wouldn't sell him without letting you know his one fault; he'll swear if his food doesn't suit him.

Miss Fitz—I'll take him; it will seem quite like having a man in the house.—N. Y. Herald.

The Cook's Revenge.

"How did you lose all your teeth? Been in a fight?"

"No. I gave Bridget, the cook, notice to leave and she put dynamite in the muffins this morning."—Life.

Correctly Informed.

She—I understand that you and Nellie are married and happy.

He—Yes; that is, she's happy and I'm married.—Life.

How Pessimists Are Made.

A quarter of an inch difference in the width of one's cheeks may turn an open hearted philanthropist into a cranky and self-centered pessimist.—Puck.

—Joseph Ruby, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with scrofula humor, till he was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

She Was Not Particular.

"What colored dishes will you have, ma'm?" said the polite china dealer to the boarding house keeper.

"Oh, almost any color that won't show the dirt," was the reply.

Of the World.

"Jack thinks I am in love with him."

"What makes him think so?"

"Just because I am going to marry him."

"How absurd."—Life.

Of Course.

A woman cannot hit a barn—
The reason for it this is,
Ere married she's, of course, a Miss,
And ever after Mrs.
N. Y. Herald.

TOO BAD.

O these maids, how they sigh
When a fellow is nigh
Who's got money!
How they laugh at his wit
And declare, too, that it
Is real funny!

But the worst of it is
We are worsted—O-ee whiz!
By the Croesus-like cuss.
For in sighing for him
In their woman-like whim
They forget about us.
—Harlem Life.

Well Up in His Part.

"I wonder what your father will say when I ask him for your hand?"

"Don't worry about that, dear. He rehearsed it with me this morning and he does it beautifully."—Chicago News Record.

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THE NATIONAL M'F'G AND IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Ch

The Household

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, Editor.

"HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING."

HOME TALKS.

GAIL HAMILTON'S ELOQUENT WORDS

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Protests in Another Case—Things that Every Woman Should Take Into Consideration.

In the current number of the North American Review is an open letter to Queen Victoria from Gail Hamilton. One, unknowing the circumstances, may well be surprised that an American woman who is strong only in the strength that a brave, true womanhood, backed by more than ordinary gifts of intellect can give, should thus go out of her way to address the sovereign upon whose dominions the sun never sets. After reading, however, the wonder ceases. Long before the last paragraphs are conned, a tide of indignation sets through one's being that so foul an injustice has been done, and that to-day the government of a great nation refuses to make the wrong right, so far as it is possible to do.

Gail Hamilton writes to the Queen of the arrest and imprisonment of Mrs. Maybrick, who was accused of the murder of her husband; was tried and convicted under a judge whose sanity was so strongly doubted that he was afterwards compelled to leave the bench; whose condemnation was so greatly against the popular feeling of injustice that the decision was reversed by the secretary of State; and yet who is kept in prison at Working, though shattered in health, and in spite of the "agonized entreaties of her mother," in spite of the "tender urgency of the wife of the President of the United States," in spite of "a respectful petition of the most eminent men of this country." Gail Hamilton never minces her words, and they are to the point in this rehearsal of a woman's wrongs, and of the efforts made to have them righted.

Strange anomaly this. A great nation using its machinery of power—not the machinery of law, and of justice—to hold one poor woman in durance because she was so unfortunate as to be once accused of poisoning her husband. That it was not proven; that her guilt was most strongly doubtful, weighs nothing. She was accused and must therefore suffer.

The open letter may do no good so far as influencing the Queen of England to interfere in Mrs. Maybrick's behalf, but every one who reads and particularly every woman must be aroused to a desire for action; must feel through every fibre of her being that there is something radically wrong in the principles governing law, when the government of one of the most enlightened nations of the world can sit supinely down and allow the continuance of so great a wrong. Gail Hamilton has done eloquently with her pen what every woman in the civilized world should do, namely, enter her protest against such a foul injustice to one of her sex. No matter if her words fall only upon the ears of her own small social circles. Thus will a great current of thought be set in motion that must eventually have a potent influence.

This thing should set women to thinking in another direction. Had Mrs. Maybrick been tried before a jury of her peers; had her own sex constituted a part of the body which was to pronounce upon her guilt or innocence, do you believe for one moment that the charge of a half crazy judge could have influenced them against the evidence, to pronounce her guilty? Never! And until women have a voice in making the laws by which they are governed, until they can stand side by side with men in translating the teachings of the moral law into rules for the limitation of human action, such things as these are possible. Every individual woman should feel this to her heart's core. She does not know, she cannot tell how soon a blow may be struck at herself or one of those nearest and dearest to her.

For the case of Mrs. Maybrick is not unique. It by no means stands alone in its horror, that horror which many noble men as well as women feel intensely. To-day down in Fall River, Massachusetts, another young woman is in a county jail under a charge of foully and brutally murdering her aged father and his wife in broad daylight, and for no reason yet assigned that could have a particle of probability in it. It seems as if she were thus seized and imprisoned because some one must have done the deed, and it might have been her delicate hand that struck the butchering blows. At any hazard the majesty of the law must be vindicated in some way, and so this young woman is arrested and upon the faintest circumstantial evidence is shut up in the county jail, there to await a trial for this most monstrous crime.

In a recent number of the New York Independent, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in strong and virile words, enters her protest against a proceeding which condemns the daughter of a stricken house to confinement upon such terrible charge with such slight grounds of probability. She says:

"We do not say that there may be no reason for holding this unhappy woman under surveillance. But we dare to suggest that in such a case as this a pause this side of the prison door is to be expected of justice and of that high view of things which may possibly be found foreign to the imagination of the average local police force.

"I may believe this up to this time I assuredly do) to be an innocent and outraged person; but I am not occupying this space to say that nor to prophesy upon the outcome of her trial.

"The question which urges itself in view of this arrest is: Are there two kinds of rightness—moral right and legal right? Is the sacredness of private liberty properly respected by existing laws? In Miss Borden's case has not that sacredness been violated and that liberty been oppressed?

"I have nothing to say about the Fall River police. I offer no strictures on the district attorney. These are men—they may be mistaken like other men; of them as individuals I know nothing, and with them as individuals have, therefore, nothing to do. But if, in this age of high civilization in Massachusetts, the lowest of the elder states, an imprisonment like this can take place upon circumstantial grounds like these, who of us is safe?"

Who, indeed? To me the possibilities thus opened are terrible. What home is safe from a similar happening? This writer goes on to show how, any time and anywhere, such might again take place. Read her thrilling words:

"Any day, in any home, under any circumstances, disaster like this may crush any man or woman who reads these words. A dark mind desires your watch, your silver teapot, $15 in your pocketbook. Many a man has been murdered for less than this. A dismissed servant or an offended neighbor has his grudge. Many a life has been smitten out to gratify a revenge so small that justice has to find it with a microscope.

"The hour comes. The blow is struck. One is alone in the house—or its only other inmate, occupied at a distance, neither hears nor sees. We are a busy people, not much given over to observing each other's affairs. The assassin leaves the spot as he entered it—who stops to notice him? The one to whom his victim is dearest and nearest, happily and ignorantly comes home, turns the handle of the door—finds the horror on the threshold—shrieks for help—clasping the body, is spattered with blood, and, there being no witness of the movements of the door, no witness of the movements of him who discovered the ghastly thing upon the floor—alibi wanting, as alibi too often is when needed most—he who would have given his life to save the dead is forthwith dashed into jail upon charge of the murder.

"Why? Because somebody must have done it, and no one else can be found. Nothing can be simpler. Spotless character, lifelong affection, tenderness, honor, home loyalty, go for nothing. What can be easier?

"If this is law, may God protect us all!"

If this be man's law it is far from a righteous one. It is possible, of course, that Lizzie Borden is guilty, but when the doubt is so strong that friends and neighbors unite in disbelief, when the best people in the town in which she lives hold her, as I am told by one who has been there, innocent, then, indeed, justice demands that she be not treated as if she were a criminal.

Such protests from women like Gail Hamilton and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, carry weight with them, not, it is true, in accordance with the position they have won by their brains, for they are women, but still their words must and will direct thought in the right direction. Yet this is not enough. Every woman should protest against such injustice, and what is more, recognizing the fact that these fellow women have not in any sense been tried by a jury of their peers, should thenceforward do all that in each one lies to help those who are so faithfully laboring to place women upon an equality with man in the law making, as she is now in paying the penalties for law breaking.

You women in happy homes who do not want any more rights, how would you feel if a dear one were placed where Mrs. Maybrick or Lizzie Borden stand to-day? And yet, improbable as it may seem, their situation, or a similar one, might come within a week, and by men only would that dear one be judged.

True it is that the possession of the ballot to-day by women would not cause the millennium to dawn upon the earth to-morrow, but at least the fact that a government derives its just powers from the consent of all the governed, and not from that of a part only, would be demonstrated, and the half of the people would not be left in such cases as the above, without other weapon of defense in its hands than a protest and appeal such as were written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Gail Hamilton.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 3.

Supposing that we have our cards correctly engraved, we will need to know how and when to use them. Calls now take the place of nearly every kind of a visit, except such as are made upon a formal invitation, and we must make a call, or leave a card for every call, or card received. We no longer run in for a little afternoon visit with our friend, as formerly, but we call upon her. If she is not at home, we leave a card for her, and if our call is intended for other members of her family, and the stranger that may be within her gates, we leave two more cards. It was formerly customary to leave a card for each member of the family, or to turn down the corners of the card to indicate for whom it was intended, or that it was left personally and not by messenger, but, fortunately, that fashion is becoming obsolete.

Apropos of this custom is the story that is going the rounds of the press of the young man who, not being quite as well versed in such matters as he wished, and fearing lest he should not leave a sufficient number of cards, in his embarrassment, handed the servant the package of 150 cards, together with the plate, which he had just received from the engraver.

In making the first calls of the season (in the fall), or after a change of residence, your full address should be on the card.

There should be a card receiver in the entrance hall of every house and callers should leave a card there upon entering, or leaving, to assist the lady of the house in making her calling lists. Should there be no such place prepared, cards may be laid upon a table in the reception room. This should be done as quietly and unostentatiously as possible.

Cards should be left when attending a reception, as the hostess will not be able to keep in mind all who called without such assistance. This also obviates the necessity of an after call. In case you are not able to attend a reception you should send a card by messenger, so that it will reach the lady during the reception hours.

Strangers in a city should send cards bearing their transient address, to such friends and acquaintances as they desire to have call upon them.

A first call must be returned within ten days, and should not be extended to more than fifteen minutes. If unavoidably prevented from calling, a card should be sent within that time, with an explanatory note.

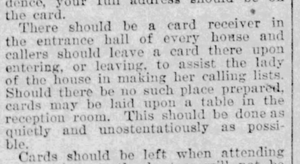
A call must be made in person after a dinner, or other formal entertainment, whether the invitation has been accepted or not.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Cover.—Use golden brown velours, or cheaper material if desired. Baste on a border of canvas, and cover the canvas entirely in cross stitch with No. 2 round chenille in all the shades used in Gobelin embroidery. Line with canton flannel silk, or any preferred material.

Work Table with Pocket.—The table without the pocket may be bought ready made, or easily made at home. Use 3 sticks of bamboo, brass rods or broom sticks painted any color desired with enamel paint; take a section of light blue silk, join the ends and fasten the top around the under side of the upper slab, with small tacks. At the center of the front slash the pocket down several inches from the top, and fold back in two triangular revers and face with dark blue velvet embroidered with a bunch of white or yellow daisies. Shirr the lower edge lightly together, to form a ruffle below the shirr, and a tassel fastened in the center of the ruffle. The edges of the revers may be decorated with tassels if desired.

Fancy Basket.—Cut a circular piece of card board the size desired for the basket, for the bottom of the basket. Cover with terra cotta silk. Then sew together 3 strands of four ropes each, and braid together. Sew this to the



bottom, wherever it touches around the lower edge. Gather a section of terra cotta silk to line the sides, having a ruffle around the top, and tuck in position at the top and bottom. The ropes are joined together under a loose knot made by ravelling the ropes at the end of the braid.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Infant's Veil.—Materials: Two ounces of white Shetland wool, and 2 bone needles No. 14. Cast on 202 stitches; there will be 16 patterns, and 2 plain stitches at the beginning and end of each row.

1st row—K 2 * n—k 3 pl—wool forward—k 1—wool forward—k 2—p—repeat from *. 2nd row—p or s. 3rd row like the first. 4th row—like the second. Repeat these four rows till the border is five inches deep.

The upper part of the veil(202 stitches) is knit thus: 1st row—k pl. 2nd row—seam. 3rd row—k 1, and then k 2 tog till only 1 st is left on the needle; k that pl. 4th row—k pl, picking up the loop where the 2 were k tog, and the sts before each 2.

Be sure and have your 202 stitches before beginning the next row. Repeat these 4 rows until the veil is long enough.

Gentleman's Crocheted Tie (for E. Alice Gough.)—Use some good brand of crochet silk. I use Richardson's. Make a chain of 21 stitches—turn. 1st row—1 tr in 4 st of ch—repeat in each of next 16 st—turn. 2nd row—2 ch—2 tr in 2 tr of foundation—1 ch—1 tr in same foundation—tr—miss 2 tr—* 3 tr—1 ch—1 tr in next tr—this makes 1 shell; repeat from * 4 times—turn. 3rd row—2 ch—2 tr— 1 ch—1 tr in hole made between 1 tr and 3 tr in last row—* 3 tr—1 ch—1tr in next hole; repeat from * 4 times; repeat this row 53 times, remembering to always begin the row by 2 ch, which is equal to a tr. 57th row—Make 3 shells—miss 1 hole, then make a shell in each of last 2 holes; this will leave 5 shells—make 7 rows of 5 shells each. 65th row—N same as before—make 6 rows of 4 shells each. 72nd row—N same as before—3 rows of 3 shells each. 76th row—N—make 48 rows of 2 shells each; this is for the part which goes around the neck. 124th row—1 shell—in the next hole make 2 shells—turn—make 3 rows and widen, only widen in the middle hole—make 6 rows and widen in the next row—make 7 rows and widen in the next—make 18 rows of 6 shells each; this finishes the crochet part.

Lining.—Cut 2 pieces silk or satin, and 1 piece of cotton wadding the shape of the tie, but allow for seams on each side of the silk but not for the wadding. Turn in the silk and sew the silk together with the wadding between, merely catching it in to keep it in place. Then sew this lining to the crocheting. The corners of the tie can be turned back to form a point or left plain, as desired. You will need 3-8 yd. of silk and 2 spools of crochet silk.—Hannah Mehetabel.

Correspondence.

A Social Chat With the Housekeepers.—What a useful collection of odd bits of information concerning household affairs could be made, was my thought one morning, as I sat at the breakfast table with three experienced haus-fraus, who were zealously discussing ways and means.

Of course, there are recipe books innumerable, good, bad and indifferent, but a little volume devoted entirely to giving hints to housekeepers has never come within my view. In the few minutes' conversation that I heard, several ideas impressed themselves upon my mind as being of possible use to the readers of The Blade.

As our hostess stuck her bright knife, previously dipped in hot water, under the steaming huckleberry cake, preparatory to cutting it without making the tender dough tough and soggy, some one said that a good way to clean steel knives was to rub them with a piece of raw potato dipped in Bristol brick-dust, the potato making a much neater appearance upon the knife-board than the usual dark-colored rag, and also supplying in itself sufficient moisture.

This remark led us to talk of the general usefulness of the potato. "If nothing better and more conventional can be procured, a potato makes a good pen-wiper," said Aunt Jennie, who has spent many summers in camping out. She also added that potato skins and hay, boiled in a rusty iron vessel, would make it as good as new.

Cousin Caroline had been spending the winter in the South, and had come home with her New England traditions of housewifery much improved and modified. Talking of hay in kettles reminded her, she said, of an old colored cook, who presided over the kitchen of one of the few plantation homes still to be found in South Carolina.

Chloe was tall and ponderous, and wore her grey wool in a gorgeous bandanna. Cousin Caroline took it for granted that she had learned her culinary skill "before the wah," and her disappointment was great to have this romance scornfully destroyed by the old negress who said she had been taught to cook by a "German hotelkeeper in Pennsylvania." Nevertheless, Chloe's creations were delicious, and many of her ways of doing her work were odd.

Her griddles she invariably rubbed with a piece of raw turnip, when it could be procured, instead of using lard or butter. When she boiled ham, she put a wisp of sweet hay in the water, in order to improve the flavor of the meat.

"Her corn bread was wonderfully good," said Cousin Caroline, and she then offered to give us the following recipe, which Chloe had given to her with much precision and dignity: Corn Bread—1-2 potato boiled, mashed and mixed with 1-2 teaspoonful of sugar and 2 eggs. Add alternately 1 pt. of corn meal and 1 pt. or more of luke-warm water; 1-2 cupful of white flour; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; 1 tablespoonful of hot lard, or butter. The batter should be quite thin; use more water if necessary. Put in a deep, round baking pan, spread hot lard over the top, and bake in a good oven for half an hour. This seems to be a rather bothersome recipe for so simple a dish as corn bread, but it will most emphatically pay for a trial.—Wyllis.

The editor hopes that this correspondent will call again soon, as all will doubtless enjoy and profit by her well-written, chatty suggestions and experiences.

A Very Pertinent Suggestion.—Every one is saying "keep clean and avoid the cholera." I say, "keep warm," have a little fire these cool mornings and evenings, especially if there are old people, or babies, in your family. They will feel chilly when the brisk housewife busy about her work will feel "plenty warm enough," and a chill is one of the things to be guarded against. I know of one full-blooded, energetic housekeeper, who made life very unpleasant indeed for her sister—a thinner, older and less active person—by regulating the temperature of her rooms by her own feelings, never taking into consideration the fact that the room which was warm enough for her in her occasional trips to another, was actually chilly to the sister, who sat there all day with her sewing.

A thermometer is an excellent thing, of course, but there are some elderly people who refuse to feel warm when cold chills are running up and down their limbs, and their flesh is "goose-quilling," to quote a young friend of mine, even if the thermometer declares the temperature to be at "summer heat." For the sake of these, and for the poor babies whose stomach troubles come, nine cases out of ten, from their being cold, warm up.—Ailsa Thatcher.

Correspondence Clippings.

I think the science of Graphology is like a sieve, it will not hold water. Who could say that Horace Greeley was such a monster as his "hen tracks" indicated? I have known persons who could write equal to copperplate, who were of no earthly account. On the contrary, I have known persons who were models in every other respect, but whose writing would puzzle a lawyer to read. Mrs. B. Burgess.

I have just written a letter for my father, to renew his subscription to the Weekly Blade, and am going to write a line to you. I am now 24 years old and I can not remember a time when The Blade did not make a weekly visit to our house. I wonder how many girls there are who can say so much?—Minnie Martin.

I read The Blade with much interest every week, especially this column, and I feel that the editor has a difficult and delicate task, to please all the varied tastes of the readers and contributors of so large a paper. May the editor have the wisdom and tact to continue her work successfully.

We have just made over a handsome brown serge that has been re-dyed. With ribbon for trimming it looks like a new dress.

If the sisters will take the juice of one lemon with as much rain water, a teaspoonful of glycerine and a few drops of carbolic acid to keep it from souring, they will have a remedy for the stiff, hard hands caused by housework, that will astonish them. Rub in a few drops after washing dishes and clothes, also at night, and you will be delighted with the result.—A. Janet Thomas.

Do some of the Household readers remember "Laura" to whom they gave so much good advice a year ago? I remember you all very well and have come for some more advice to-day. We have a baby at our house now; our best Christmas gift, and I want you to tell me if I am doing wrong to "cuddle" him. My next door neighbor has one, about my baby's age and she puts him to bed alone every night and when his sleepy time comes in the day, she lays him in his crib and leaves him. I love to hold my baby; it rests me when my work is done, to feel his little soft hands on my face; but my neighbor tells me I am hurting the child, and, for proof, points from her fat, healthy boy to my little, delicate baby, though it does not seem a fair comparison to me—for I am very small and slight, and my husband, though perfectly well, is not a large man—while my neighbor and her husband are both large and strong. However, if she is right and I am wrong, I shall be very thankful to know it; for there's nothing I would not do for my baby, even to giving up the "cuddling" that is such pleasure to us both.—Laura.

Inquiries.

Will some one send me a list of good books for winter reading for two girls? We like some history, but would like some stories. Hattie and Bess.

How can I learn to be a civil engineer? Can I learn it from books, or must I go out with a party of engineers, and how must I begin—that is, how will I find some one who will teach me?—Ambitious Boy.

How will be a pretty way to make a navy blue serge dress, for a school girl 15 years of age? Do girls of that age wear white aprons to school?—Anxious.

What will keep a child's feet from blistering on the bottom?—Aunt Martha.

Would it be proper for me to give a Christmas present to the young gentleman to whom I am engaged? If so, would a shaving set be a suitable gift? Can they be had in plush as well as leather cases? Where can I obtain them and how much would they cost? And would it be best to put it on a Christmas tree for him, or just give it to him?—Black-eyed Beauty.

The editor would like to hear from the Household on these questions, as there are several similar ones waiting to be answered, and there is such a difference in the opinions of different people on the subject.

What shall I do with my hired girl? She is good-natured and neat, and does her work well, but she will not keep at it, nor has she any idea that she is responsible for anything, and as for getting meals on time—unless I help her they are always from one-half to three-quarters of an hour late. I don't like to scold her all the time, but I feel as if she was not doing right, and perhaps it is my duty to tell her, until she turns over a new leaf. Will some of you please tell me how you would manage her, if you were in my place?—Margaret Adams.

I have some lovely tuberoses, and don't know one thing about taking care of the bulbs. Now if any of you will answer these questions, I will be very thankful. First, will the bulbs be good for next year? Second, will it hurt them to remain in the ground after it is frozen? Third, how long do they have to dry before they are fit to put away?—Tuberose.

Will the lady who sent directions for strip for knitted quilt, in Blade of July 28, correct the mistake in fifth row? I can get it right to that row; after that, none will come right.—A Subscriber.

Will some one give directions for preparing canvas, to use in painting in oils?—Myrtle Biddleman.

Answers to Inquiries.

Q. X.—When a lady is making a long journey in the cars, it is perfectly proper for her to remove her hat, or bonnet, during the day, if she chooses. A veil, or something of the kind, may be worn as a protection from drafts caused by opening the car doors, and to keep the dust and cinders from the hair. She may also substitute easy slippers for her shoes. The most experienced travelers always make themselves as comfortable as possible, in respect to dress, when they start out for even a day's ride. Put your extra bundles in the rack above your seat, and do not worry about anything. The conductor will give you all the information you need, when he takes your ticket, and then do not bother him any more, nor fear that he will forget to put you off at your proper station. Do not become too intimate with strangers, neither need you sit like a post all day fearing to speak to any one. Do what your own good sense will suggest, and there is no doubt but you will find your long journey both pleasant and profitable.—Ed.

Miss Allie G., Pittsburg.—The address for which you ask was an assumed one. We have not the writer's true name now.—Ed.

A Reader of The Blade.—1st. If you can not leave home, you can not learn to set type, as it would be necessary for you to enter a printing office and learn the work practically. 2d. A knowledge of spelling and punctuation is necessary, for though the compositors follow copy they must be able to spell correctly and have some knowledge of punctuation and grammar. 3d. You would need only to tell the editor of a paper that you wanted work, then if you were competent, and he needed help, he would probably give it you. 4th. The time it would take depends upon how easily you can learn the work. 5th. It is not customary to pay very large wages, if any, to a person while they are learning.—Ed.

Belle W.: There is no great change in the styles of paper and envelopes. There has been a fad for delicately tinted paper, and for some variation in the size of the sheet, but such are but transient styles. If you have cream, or white note paper of a good quality, and of a size that needs to be folded but once to fit the envelope, you may be certain that it is always correct. Sometimes the writer's address or initials is stamped in silver, or white, at the top of the sheet, but more than this is not in good taste. 2d. When a gentleman takes a lady out for any entertainment he should, upon leaving her, thank her for the pleasure of her company, and if he has incurred any expense, the lady can express her appreciation of his efforts to entertain her, by saying that the pleasure has been mutual, or something of the kind, but she must not thank him for spending his money for her.—Ed.

Arthur C.: There is as yet no badge for the Temperance Legion. There should be one, and if possible, we will have one soon, and full information of how to obtain them will be given in The Blade as soon as they are ready.—Ed.

If Young Mother will bathe her baby with warm water, in which has been dissolved a little soda and a teaspoonful of lard, it will allay the itching caused by prickly heat. A little vinegar and water is also good. After bathing, I rub cornstarch all over the body. It seems to cool the skin.—Reader.

Recipes.

To Make Good Bread.—2 pts. luke-warm water, a little salt, and mix into loaf at once. Work and put into pans; when light enough bake it. It can be made in the morning and baked in the early afternoon.

For the Baby Suffering with the Heat.—10 cents worth of lactipodium, or chafing powder, purchased at the drug store, will cure and prevent, if used instead of strong soaps and ammonia water.—Hattie E. Spriggs.

Banana Cake.—Whites of 8 eggs, 1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls pulverized sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 1 cupful sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk, then the flour, then the beaten eggs. Use for filling, 4 bananas cut in thin slices, like cucumbers, the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and pulverized sugar to thicken the eggs. Cake to be made in four layers; put on frosting, then bananas, and then frosting, and then layer of cake until finished.—Mrs. L. O.

To Make Good Cheese.—Milk your cows quickly and put the rennet in, while the milk is warm. By this plan there is no trouble in greeting the whey out of the cheese. When the milk is blinky it is almost impossible to get it all out. A cheese made in this way will cure readily, will be yellow enough, rich and buttery, and need no cover, which is a great saving. Turn your cheese once every day and grease with a cloth dipped in melted butter. Avoid putting too much on. If it cures right, the rind will be smooth, like glass.—Mrs. B. Burges.

OUR WINDOW GARDENING

THE STORY TOLD BY ONE WOMAN.

Her Home Made Beautiful for Years With Small Expenditure of Money—Others May Do As Well, If They Will.

A few years passed on, and the little, rough, unpainted house, with its dismal surroundings, that they first called home, looked as if some fairy godmother had transformed it into a bower of beauty. And yet all that had been applied was an intelligently directed industry, aided with the smallest modicum of dollars and cents. How it was done, my heroine—for heroine she is, though you might not dream of it to see her—told me in a quaint way which I would like to give you verbatim, interwoven as it was with her inner life that could not be otherwise than beautiful, but I must content myself with a letter or two, one of which I shall present to you to start with, in order that you may see what her home was in the beginning:

Dear Friend—Ten years ago last spring I made that fatal leap, which all of my friends predicted would be so disastrous. I knew as well as they that in a worldly point of view it was not the thing, but when did a true woman stop to reason where her affections were pitted against prosperity. And when the brave fellow came back to me worn and "weary with service" for his country's sake, it would have been a sorry thing for the girl who had promised to walk through life by his side to have deserted him then. I would not, and every day since, while I have washed and baked and brewed, my heart has sung a song of thanksgiving that I did not.

We came out here to make our home in the most forlorn place imaginable. Mud, mud everywhere. It seemed to me that the mountains had settled down in one vast avalanche of slush, with here and there a little island of firm ground, upon one of which our house was placed.

It was an unpainted frame building, a story and a half high, fronting the East. "At least," I said to Ned, as he remarked upon the general woe-begoneness of the prospect, "we can see the sunrise glory every morning, and that will give us strength for the day." You see I recognized full well the fact that we had got to be early birds if we would catch the worm and thrive.

A little porch shdowed the front door, through which we entered a large room, with three windows, one of which looked toward the South, and there I saw my opportunity at the first glance. I knew full well that we had little furniture with which to garnish the place we were to call home, and all of its brightness and beauty besides what our love for each other would give must come from our own contrivance and labor.

We went to work, Ned and I, in a way that would have surprised you, considering the surroundings and how little we had to work with. He, poor fellow, often grew discouraged, for he was not strong, and there was much to do to make the place habitable, besides the ploughing and planting that were to compel Mother Earth to give us something to live upon.

We did well that summer. I made no attempt to adorn the inside of the house, for when I was not busied with the inevitable domestic duties, I worked out of doors with Ned. Do not be shocked. It saved hiring another hand, you know, and a little money had to go a great way with us then. In the fall, however, when the warm sune had ripened the grain to gold, and it had been harvested away in the barn, when all was done to make ready for the winter, then I began to think how I could make a paradise indoors, of which I should be the Eve, though I was determined not to eat the apple come what might.

I shall not attempt to tell you now of all my struggles. The result you saw in your brief visit last winter, when you told me that my sitting room was a fairy land. It took some study, time and labor, but I grudged none of them, to secure the end, and as I look around upon my flowers, which make that south window—a perfect God send it was to me—such a bower of beauty, I am tempted to be as self-satisfied as that individual who said she thought God did His best when He made her, and she could not see any reason for being dissatisfied with His work.

I will most gladly give you the benefit of my study and experience in both yard and window gardening, and if any one is helped thus to make her own home lovely and life brighter, I shall be well repaid. Truly Your Friend.

A. B.

Window Gardens.

A friend once said to me, "I believe flowers have souls. Not only that, but they are capable of affection, and exhibit their preferences in the most decided manner. For some people they grow and thrive, sending out a world of blossoms to smile their delight upon the one they love. Now where is the secret charm they find in individuals?"

The key to the whole thing lies in just one thing. People who are successful in making plants grow and bloom, love them well enough to study their habits, their needs, and their peculiarities, I might almost say their whims. They are fed regularly with light and air, given to drink when thirsty, carefully nursed through sickness, and in gratitude for all this tender attention, do their best to grow physically strong and look beautiful.

The first thing to be thought of in making arrangements for a window garden, is the location of the window. The best to choose is, if possible, one that faces the East or South. The latter is by far the most desirable through the months from October to April, because the plants most easily cultivated love the sunshine, particularly that of the morning hours. If a southern or southeastern exposure can not be obtained, choose a window looking East if you have one; then one reflecting the sunset's glory is the next best. Let no one be discouraged if only a north window is possible, for there are lovely plants that desire the shade, and thrive best when the shadows rest upon their foliage.—Sybil.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Coleus.—Now is the time to take cuttings of your coleus or foliage plants, as they are commonly called. Put these in water, and set the glass in the south window. In a little over a week they ought to be rooted. I like to plant two or three varieties in one pot. In the winter I think them prettier if not turned around every day, then the sun will have a chance to bring out the colors to perfection. Turn them around when you have time to enjoy them. They are lovely. We can not always have a profusion of flowers in winter, but well-grown specimens of coleus almost make up for flowers, and are a pretty contrast with the green leaves, and other plants. In the spring by breaking up all your old plants into cuttings, and putting them in a bed by themselves, working out any pattern you like, keeping them all nipped evenly, you will have a posy bed worth going some distance to see.

If you have never grown any try some this fall; as they are very tender jack frost mustn't come near them.—Cathy M.

September is a busy month for flower lovers. This is a little late, but you know the adage better late than never; but I like the saying better never late. If you have not potted your chrysanthemums, do so at once. Cut around them and lift carefully, using a pot large enough so that the roots will not be crowded; water thoroughly and place them in a shady place till they show signs of growth.

Be sure and sprinkle the foliage every day. Before frost they will have to be removed to the house. Put in a cool room at first, and keep them as cool as you can without freezing; they require lots of water. Use fertilizer when they begin to bud, and keep it up once a week while they are in bloom, for these plants are gross feeders. Some are bothered with lice in the fall. Wash them with weak tobacco tea and rinse well. When they are done blooming, cut them back and set in the cellar without any attention till spring.—Cathy M.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:—We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

Virgil, Kan.—Guy Black, Oscar E. Malloafe, Elmer Black, John Black, Charles Smith, Charles Sharp, Charles Hubbard, Robert F. Brown, Harry Brown, Willie Smith, J. W. Fisher, E. V. Moorsel, Hampton Thompson, J. S. McCartney, Eric McCartney, Alma Black, Ethel Follinsbee, Etta Black, Carrie C. Johnston.

Names this week, 19. Total, 32,683.

The above embraces all names received up to September 19.

Love-Apples.

"Love-apples must be ripe, I know,"
Said Uncle Valentine
One sultry August, long ago,
When I was only nine.
"I'll bring you some to-night," said he.
"They're pretty things, as you'll agree."

He told me they were just like those
Great-grandma used to grow;
Beside her phlox and damask rose
They made a goodly show;
And many wondering friends had she
Who came to view her fairy-tree.

I thought I'd bring Louise and May,
And all the girls I knew,
And show these curious things, the way
Great-grandma used to do.
"Love-apples," I would tell them, "See
What beauties uncle brought for me."

But oh, my Uncle Valentine
Is very fond of jokes;
And so I found this promise fine
Was more than half a hoax.
Love-apples! Who'd have tho't they'd be
Just plain tomatoes? Deary me!

—Youth's Companion.

For The Blade Young Folks.

"MISS EVELYN'S CIRCLE."

A Story for Girls.

L. A. F.

Alta looked more confused than ever, but Bess drew her down into her lap.

"Wait until we hear the letter before you run away," she said, smiling, and Nellie read: "To the young ladies of Miss Evelyn's Circle: Since my little daughter joined your Circle, I have watched her with the deepest interest, having little faith that the mere presence of her silver cross would prove much of a hindrance to her fits of temper; but my skepticism has vanished. Many times during the last few weeks I have seen her stop short in the midst of an angry speech, and turn out of the room with her eyes clasped tightly in her hands, at other times I have seen her glance at it, when her brother has been especially aggravating, and instead of the flash I expected, she has answered him so kindly and quietly that the boy has been ashamed of himself, and is, I think, trying hard to overcome his teasing propensity.

"Nor is this the only good that has come from Alta's cross. She inherits her red hair and her quick temper from her mother, and I am not ashamed to own that I have learned many a lesssn in self-control, while I have been noting her daily efforts to get the better of her stormy temper. Hoping that this report of her 'work' will be satisfactory, and that every line of work the Circle has taken up will be productive of equally good results, I am very kindly yours, Stella Tyler."

"That is an excellent showing, little woman," said Bessie, kissing the child's flushed face.

"And, whereas, the rest of us have tooted our own horn, Alta has outside testimony as to the good work she has done," said Alice Boyd.

"Miss Bessie," said Edna Lysle, gravely, "isn't 'tooted our own horn' slang?"

"The society of one, for the suppression of slang, will now be heard from," retorted Alice gaily, and nothing daunted, Edna began.

"I haven't been able to suppress it entirely. Miss Alice, but I am trying hard not to use it, and five girls in my class at school are trying with me. It is so much easier to do anything like that, when some one else is doing it, too, for each one helps the others to remember; but I couldn't coax one of the girls to give up chewing gum, and it was dreadfully hard work for me to stop it myself.

"When I saw the others chewing, I just felt hungry for it; but I haven't tasted a bit, but once, since I promised not to, and then I threw it away as soon as I remembered.

"Papa laughed at me at first, and said my good resolutions would not last a week; but when he saw I was truly trying, he did not tease me any more. Yesterday he told mamma that he had not chewed any tobacco for six weeks. She asked him why he had left off, and he said he wanted to see if he had as much strength of mind as his own baby—that's me—and if I could leave off chewing gum, because she thought it was not a nice habit, he surely could give up tobacco, for the same reason.

"Mamma was very glad of it, for she dislikes so much to have him use it; and now, if I could only think of something else to give up, so that he would stop smoking, we should be perfectly happy," and Edna sat down, quite unconscious that in her last remark there had been strongest proof of an improvement in her disposition than she had made by leaving off slang and chewing gum, for she was an only child, and decidedly self-willed, so that six months before she would have rebelled at the idea of "giving up" to any one, and certainly would not have wished for an opportunity of doing so.

"Young ladies, I think we owe you a vote of thanks for the good account you have given of yourselves," said Tessie, "and now if our leader pleases, will she give us that very 'special reason' our worthy secretary mentioned?"

"Certainly," said Bess, "I had a letter from Miss Evelyn last week. She will be at home, and attend our next meeting, and I wanted our secretary and treasurer to have full reports for her to inspect. Besides this, I thought we would make a gala day of her return; and instead of our regular meeting, give her a little reception."

"Splendid!" cried the girls. "Who shall we invite to it, Bessie?"

"I thought it would be nice to invite the family of each member of the Circle, and those whom we had tried to help, but you must decide that, of course; I have only a dim outline of a plan, that we must 'fill in' together."

CHAPTER X.

The "filling in" process took up all their leisure time, during the next two weeks; for the girls were determined to give Miss Evelyn a reception, worthy of her, and of the regard they all felt for her. Dainty invitations were sent to their guests, who were informed that no regrets would be accepted, and when the day arrived there seemed to be no reason why the reception should not be a success.

It was held in the pleasant parlors of Tessie Hunter's home; the three officers of the Circle standing with Miss Evelyn, to receive the guests, while the other members of the Circle scattered through the rooms, kept a good lookout that every new comer should be introduced to the guest of honor.

All the fathers and mothers were there, Alta Tyler's teasing brother, and May Bennett's little sister Lettie. Old Mr. Leese came, too, leaning on his son's arm, and the "Grateful Grandmothers" were among the first arrivals. Lilian Forsyth came with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, and "Those who had taken a half day off" to please his sister.

Alice looked a little disappointed as this party came in. "Where is he?" she whispered to Lilian; "he promised me faithfully that he would come, and I want so much to introduce him to Miss Evelyn."

"His courage failed him at the last moment," Lilian answered. "He said if you knew how he dreaded coming he was sure you would excuse him."

"It is facing every one at once that he dreads," said Alice, musingly. "I think I will go after him, Lil. Don't be alarmed if I am missing for a few minutes."

A little later there was a slight stir back of the portieres where Miss Evelyn and her assistants were standing, and Alice introduced "My friend, Mr. Graham" to those who stood nearest, and had him seated comfortably without the knowledge of a dozen people in the room.

Edna Lysle had just marshaled her five anti-slang girls, when Nellie caught sight of "Mary's Ten" standing shyly in the hall and sent Hettie and May to bring them in.

As they were the last of the invited guests the leader of Miss Evelyn's Circle made a little speech, welcoming them all and explaining that this was not an ordinary reception, where they were to be introduced to the guest of honor, passed on to the refreshment room, and then dismissed.

"We want you to know what we have tried to do, and how we have succeeded and after that to have a sociable time together, and some cake and cream," she said, and Alta's brother gave her a round of applause as she sat down.

Nellie Merton took her place, and introducing "Mary's Ten," asked Miss Evelyn to present them with their badges. She did so very willingly, and gave the girls a kindly word of advice and direction, as she had done to her own circle.

After this Trix read a pleasant letter from Belle Foster, telling how well and strong she was growing, and how she enjoyed every minute of the long summer days.

"I would have liked so much to

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE G. A. R.

The National Encampment at Washington—Over 100,000 Visitors in the City.

Washington, Sept. 19.—Twenty-six years ago, in the state of Illinois there was initiated a movement resulting in the organization for fraternal, charitable and loyal purposes of the men who, at their country's call, left hearth and home to devote the best energies of their manhood to its salvation. In 1866 the Grand Army of the Republic was founded, with B. F. Stephenson, of Illinois, as first commander-in-chief.

For 25 years the comrades have met in this way, but never in that long time have they gathered at Washington. Now the ranks are thinning out; old faces are missing, and the list of the famous generals who led their men to victory and have sons on the imperishable roll of honor, is growing apace.

DR. B. F. STEPHENSON, FOUNDER G. A. R.

So as the years rolled past and the comrades dropped out of line, the remainder of that great host has longed to come once again to the capital city and tread once more the broad sweep of that magnificent avenue on which they stepped with erect figure and martial bearing in 1865, at the end of the war.

At last this longing has been gratified, and to-day the Grand Army of the Republic begins the first day of the week's reunion in the city of Washington. For days past the comrades have been gathering from every part of the Union.

Great cities, small towns, little hamlets and solitary farm houses have sent their quotas great or small, and the result is an attendance that no man can closely estimate, and of a certainty, surpassing anything ever before seen in Washington. All through last night the trains arrived in so many sections as to constitute an intricate problem in railroad management, and every train was laden with comrades and their wives and sons and daughters. Besides there were very many sight-seers, not connected with the G. A. R., attracted by the spectacular displays expected to be seen during the week.

The vast barracks erected in Garfield Park, southeast of the Capitol, and those just south of the reunion grounds known as Camp Alger, were filled by thousands of veterans, and in addition the many handsome public school buildings, which are the pride of the city, were turned into temporary quarters for as many of the veterans as could find room to lie side by side. The multitude of white tents, which covered the available space in the monument grounds and the White lot, were also filled with sleeping comrades.

All of these quarters were furnished

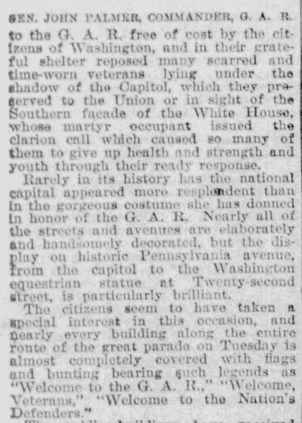
GEN. JOHN PALMER, COMMANDER, G. A. R.

to the G. A. R. free of cost by the citizens of Washington, and in their grateful shelter reposed many scarred and time-worn veterans lying under the shadow of the Capitol, which they preserved to the Union or in sight of the Southern facade of the White House, whose martyr occupant issued the clarion call which caused so many of them to give up health and strength and youth through their ready response.

Rarely in its history has the national capital appeared more resplendent than in the gorgeous costume she has donned in honor of the G. A. R. Nearly all of the streets and avenues are elaborately and handsomely decorated, but the display on historic Pennsylvania avenue, from the capitol to the Washington equestrian statue at Twenty-second street, is particularly brilliant.

The citizens seem to have taken a special interest in this occasion, and nearly every building along the entire route of the great parade on Tuesday is almost completely covered with flags and bunting bearing such legends as "Welcome to the G. A. R.," "Welcome, Veterans," "Welcome to the Nation's Defenders."

The public buildings have received special care in their decorations, and those of the White House and the Treasury department are conspicuously elaborate and beautiful. On the north front of the White House are displayed the national coat of arms and the great seal in colors, framed in the national colors and surmounted by clusters of flags. At the apex of the portecochere



COL. H. M. DUFFIELD, SENIOR VICE COMMANDER.

depend wide bands of tri-color bunting, which is caught back at either side, displaying the decorations over and above the massive doors of the mansion.

The pillars in front are bound with flags, and upon each one is hung a shield bearing corps badges. These badges are also placed at intervals along the entire front of the building. Directly over the front door hangs a bronze Grand Army badge, about five feet in length. Flags hang from the windows around the entire building, and the effect is pleasing in the extreme.

The wings of the state, war and navy buildings are almost completely covered with flags and streamers of bunting, and present a beautiful appearance. The Treasury is more profusely decorated than any other of the department buildings. The long line of granite pillars on the east side are covered with bright, new flags, laid on each hangs a large shield in colors bearing an appropriate legend. Heavy folds of bunting are festooned from the coping around the four sides of the building and fac similes of the great treasury seal depend from the roof on each side.

Flags are evrywhere displayed and

MRS. MARY SEARS, PRESIDENT NATIONAL W. R. C.

the general effect is very pleasing. The feature of the decorations of the pension department building is a display of portraits in heroic size of President Lincoln, Gens. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Thomas, McPherson, Banks, Rosecrans and others of the foremost generals of the war. Each of these is the center of an artistic design in the national colors. The interior department building is also tastefully decorated, as are also the agricultural department buildings, and that of the department of justice.

Of more than usual merit from an artistic standpoint are the reviewing stands that have been erected by the citizens' committee for the use of the Vice President and the commander-in-chief. That which has been erected for the former and the members of the Cabinet has been erected on Pennsylvania avenue, directly in front of the Treasury building. The Vice President's stand occupies the central portion with wings on each side. A graceful dome-like roof or canopy which covers the central portion has been appropriately draped in gilt and colors.

J. H. GOULDING, ADJUTANT GENERAL G. A. R.

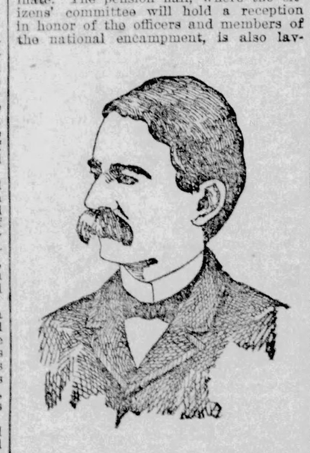
The national colors, of course, prevailing. Flags of the United States and emblems of the Grand Army constitute an important part in the decoration. This stand will accommodate about 500 people. Equally pleasing, but of an entirely different design, is the stand from which Commander-in-Chief Palmer and his staff and invited guests will review the marching veterans.

Commander-in-Chief's Stand.

This stand has been erected in front of the war department and is much larger than the one intended for the Vice President. The stand will more especially denote the distinctive character of the occasion. It is a Grand Army stand. Pedestals at the entrance support stands of colors, and there are other emblems of a character familiar to the old soldiers. In regard to other decorations this general scheme was carried out.

The stand for the accommodation of the 500 school children who are to cheer the veterans on their march by singing the national hymns and many of the old war time songs, has been built in the corner of Fifteenth street, opposite the Treasury grounds and facing down the avenue. Here the decorations are simple, but effective. Portraits of Lincoln, Washington and some of the famous generals occupy positions on the front of the structure intertwined with flags and sprigs of laurel.

At intervals along the front appear the names of some of the decisive battles of the war. All of the supports are entwined with evergreens. As elsewhere, the red, white and blue predominate. The pension hall, where the citizens' committee will hold a reception in honor of the officers and members of the national encampment, is also lavishly decorated. On the top of each of the lower columns which surround the hall is a shield surrounded with flags. A similar scheme is carried out on the upper tier of the columns. The shields on the lower pillars bear the names of prominent generals in the war, and those in the upper row the names of well-known battles.



A. G. WEISSERT, PAST SENIOR VICE COMMANDER G. A. R.

At each end of the hall, high up in the center, have been placed the portraits of Lincoln and Grant, and in the center of the side walls are those of Harrison and Morton. Around these portraits, flags are grouped. The upper portion of the walls, as well as the great central pillars, are appropriately treated, and in the full flood of electric light which will fill the hall on the night of the reception, the scene will be an inspiring one.

THE FEATURE OF THE DAY

Dedication and Inauguration of Grand Army Place.

The feature of the day, full of events as it was, and one of historical interest, was the dedication of Grand Army Place, as it is called, which is known as the White Lot, just south of the grounds of the executive mansion. It is one magnificent lawn, comprising many acres of ground, covered with well-kept green sod and unbroken by a single tree or bush.

On this vast field, by a happy conceit, has been laid out a reproduction of the closing days of the rebellion. But instead of serried armies and parks of death-dealing infantry, the positions of the federal armies have been indicated by the arrangement of tents and stands. In the center of the field, representing Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, is a commodious grand stand. Surrounding it are myriads of tents, set apart for, and representative of, the position of the various army corps that wound up the war.

To the northeast of Richmond lies the army of the Potomac, comprising the cavalry, 22d, 9th, 6th, 5th, 3d, 2d and 1st corps and artillery.

To the northwest lies the Army of the Cumberland, the cavalry of the West, the Army of West Virginia (8th corps), the Army of the Ohio (23d corps), the 4th corps, the 14th, the Provisional corps, the 20th (made up of the 11th and 12th) and the colored troops.

The Army of the James, the 18th, 10th, 24th and 25th corps, the prisoners of war, medal-of-honor men and Shields's division occupy the southeastern part of the field.

To the southeast of Richmond lies the Army of the Tennessee, 13th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 7th corps, the Army of the Mississippi, 19th corps, Army of the Gulf and the naval forces. Five great tents, known as the Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade and Thomas tents, separate the four great divisions. In these tents, of which Grant tent is the largest, will be held the reunions of the various corps. The smaller tents are laid out in regular avenues and bear large colored symbols, indicative of the corps to which they are assigned. The novelty of the ground is the place set apart for the reunion of the naval and marine veterans, on which has been erected a reproduction of the famous frigate Kearsarge, which sunk the Confederate cruiser Alabama after she had made her unparalleled record as a destroyer of commerce.

The formal opening of the exercises of the week was the dedication of Grand Army Place by Vice President Morton, as the representative of President Harrison, who was detained at Loon Lake, in the presence of a large

GEN. ELLIS SPEAR, CHAIRMAN PARADE COMMITTEE.

assembly that filled the whole enclosure between the mimic Richmond, on which the exercises took place, and the lines around it. At 12 o'clock an artillery company salute from the guns of the fac simile Kearsarge in the rear of the stand was fired, and a few minutes later Vice President Morton was ushered to his place on the stand. Commander-in-Chief Palmer was a moment later shown to his seat.

TUESDAY'S GRAND PARADE

The Last Time Many Veterans Will Look on the Capital.

Washington, Sept. 20.—Through dense lanes of thousands of people who lined the pavements and side streets, past buildings whose lavish display of fluttering banners, flags and streamers attested the cordiality of the welcome of their owners, cheered on by the fresh voices of hundreds of school children singing patriotic airs, the Grand Army of the Republic, many thousands strong, to-day marched up the broad, smooth asphalted Pennsylvania avenue, along whose rough cobblestones as members of the greatest of modern armies, they had marched 27 years ago, tired, dusty, travel-stained, war-worn, but with fierce exultation and pride born of the knowledge of their deeds and accomplishments.

They were still proud that they had

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

been members of that great army, but in the years which has thinned their ranks the fierce war spirit had died away and left little behind but a feeling of joy and good will to all men. A longing to once more march up the old avenue had long been felt by the veterans and when the invitation had been extended to them to make their next annual encampment in Washington, it found a ready response in the hearts of old soldiers and they resolved that they would make it the greatest reunion of them all.

The weather was perfect at the beginning, one of those soft autumnal days for which Washington is famous. There was a haze in the morning that softened the effect of the sunlight on the brightly decorated buildings, and brought the contrasting colors almost into harmony. As the day grew older and the sun mounted higher, the warm beams dissipated the mists and the city stood revealed in all of its refulgent beauty. As nearly as an autumnal day can resemble a spring day with the same conditions of wind and weather, did this morning resemble that memorable 23d of May, 1865, when the battle-stained veterans of the army of the United States began their march along Pennsylvania avenue to be reviewed for the last time by the great commanders who are now no more.

But the weather goddess was fickle,

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A Wonderful Machine.

There is no doubt that man is a fine mechanism, but like every other machine he wears out by friction. It is said that he is born again every two or three years. His body is virtually re-made from food. To retard this making over is radically wrong, as a man loses so much vitality in the delayed process that it takes a long time to recuperate. The process of making anew is so accelerated by purging with Brandreth's Pills that a new man, as it were, may be made in two or three months, and the change in the mechanism is such that the worn out part is replaced by the new without the usual running down of the entire machine. You don't have to stop for repairs. Purge away with Brandreth's Pills the old, diseased and worn out body. They are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

and as the hour fixed for the starting of the procession drew nigh, the east wind began to blow, bringing a raw chill to those persons who stood in exposed places. The sky began to fill with light drab colors, and soon the day was gray and gloomy.

Two days had been required in 1865, when the grand review took place. Only one day was needed now for all who could get here and stand the fatigue. To-morrow, however, the sons of those who came back from the wars will take the place of those whom time has taken away.

Half past nine o'clock is an early hour for a Washington parade, but the procession had been set for that hour, and long before then the streets were lined with people who came early to get choice places against the big wire cable which had been stretched along the curb of the avenue for the entire length of the procession, the streets being kept absolutely clear. The veterans formed in line at their respective headquarters, and marched chiefly by side streets to the place of formation, headed by bands, whose continuous playing was refreshing to the spectators.

The order of parade was as follows:

Citizens' Committee.
Escort to Commander-in-Chief, Old Guard of Washington.
Grand Army Battalion of Albany. Commander-in-Chief.
Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief.
Official Staff of Commander-in-Chief.
Aides-de-Camp to Commander-in-Chief.
Escort to the Grand Army—First Defenders.
Sixth Massachusetts.
U. S. Veteran Signal Association
Department of Illinois.
Department of Wisconsin.

GENERAL NEWS.

CLEVELAND AFRAID,

And in His Letter of Acceptance Will Refuse to Stand on the Chicago Free Trade Plank—He Will Straddle.

New York, Sept. 15.—(Special.)—Grover Cleveland has made up his mind to throw overboard the ultra free trade platform adopted at Chicago and appeal to the country on a straddle plank of his own. His position will be set forth in his letter of acceptance. Mr. Cleveland's disgust and anger over the adoption of the substitute free trade plank in the convention were beyond measure. It was perfectly understood then that the free trade substitute was put in the platform by a combination of extreme free traders like Henry Watterson and by Mr. Cleveland's enemies, who wanted him weighted down by a platform which would not be acceptable to either himself or the country.

Many of the Democrats who voted in the convention for free trade are sorry enough now that they did so, for after all, they did not want the party defeated and shut out of office for another Presidential term. In consultation with some of the party leaders—W. C. Whitney, Senator Gorman, Don M. Dickinson and ex-Secretary Vilas are named as among them—Mr. Cleveland undertook to fix up a letter of comment on the platform which should put a new face on the free trade plank and explain to the country that the Democratic party really was not for free trade, but for moderate and discreetly ordered protection. On the direct authority of Democrats of the first consequence it can be predicted that in his letter of acceptance Mr. Cleveland will attempt to explain away the statement in the Democratic platform which said:

We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only; and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered.

Will Agree Protection Is Right.

Leaving the regular platform, Mr. Cleveland will plainly acknowledge the doctrine of protection. He will admit that in so much as a protective system has been built up in the country it is necessary for the conservation of manufactories and trade that the protective system has been continued, and that it should also be continued to protect American workingmen and American capitalists from destructive foreign competition. He will devote the principal part of the tariff section of his message to an argument tending to show that although the doctrine of protection is right enough, in the present application it is wrong. He will try and maintain that the tariff is to high, and that the differences between the prices of American and foreign products is more than double the differences of wages. Instead of taking the line laid down by the platform, Mr. Cleveland will, it is understood, make his plea to the country on the line of his message of December, 1887, in which he said:

It is not proposed to entirely relieve the country of this taxation. It must be extensively continued as a source of the government's income, and in the readjustment of our tariff the interest of American labor engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered, as well as the preservation of our manufactures.

Mr. Cleveland has been turning over this question for weeks, and his mind is full of doubt and indecision, not knowing exactly what to do. This is why the letter of acceptance is being held back. Three times have the correspondents at Democratic headquarters been informed that Mr. Cleveland's letter would probably be made public on a following Monday. In each instance the letter has been withheld by Mr. Cleveland, because he could not be persuaded in his own mind to hazard his election upon either the platform as adopted or as advised and explained.

Has Delayed the Campaign.

The entire Democratic campaign is being held back for Mr. Cleveland's letter, which will set the tone of the public discussion. The speaking part of the campaign has not been begun at all in this state or New Jersey, Connecticut, or other states where the Democrats may lose the election on the tariff issue. It will, however, be begun shortly in all these states. Not many tariff documents, either, have been sent out, and the campaign is apparently waiting all along the line for what Mr. Cleveland will say. The recital given is verified from several sources. A New England free trader said Sunday to the Chicago Tribune correspondent:

When I heard it stated that Mr. Cleveland contemplated a twisting around of the tariff plank in our platform I felt that it must be an error. The Democratic party has declared that the tariff is a tax and a grievous abuse. A party by a majority vote in the national convention declared that protection is unconstitutional. For Mr. Cleveland or his advisers, I do not care in how commanding a position they are, the attempt to divert the party from its deliberately expressed convictions was, I thought, to fly in the face of the political opinion of a majority of his party and give himself over, bound hand and foot, to his opponents. It would seem, however, that the error is mine. I sought an opportunity to see Mr. Cleveland and to ask him if what I had heard was indeed true. He told me frankly enough that he was considering such a course and that he was brought to it by what he and his friends, upon whose judgment he most relied, took to be the temper of the country.

MRS. HARRISON DYING.

With Scarcely a Hope for Her Recovery—Bulletins Issued by the Physicians—The President's Programme.

Loon Lake House, New York, Sept. 14.—Drs. F. E. Gardner, of Washington, F. E. Dougherty, of New York, and E. T. Trudeau, of Saranac, held a consultation at the President's cottage this morning in regard to the case of Mrs. Harrison, and at its close issued the following statement of her condition:

"Primary disease, pulmonary tuberculosis of right side associated with nervous prostration. Recent complication, sub-acute pleurisy with rapid effusion of water in the right chest, necessitating two tappings, with some relief. Present condition critical, on account of tendency to reproduction of fluid. Removal to Washington at present impossible. Prognostication as to immediate future uncertain."

The President's family take no encouragement from the bulletins, and such of them as have shown themselves this morning make no effort to conceal their great alarm at the situation. The physicians advise them to hope for the best, but offer no real encouragement. They admit that they are uncertain as to the result, and have, so it is said, quietly intimated to the President the strong probability of a fatal result.

The President is a most faithful companion, and rarely leaves Mrs. Harrison's bedside. In fact, he really shares the nursing of the invalid with a professional attendant. Mr. Russell Harrison and Mrs. McKee, the President's son and daughter, are also in constant attendance. The former was summoned from New York as soon as the disease took a dangerous turn. He arrived here this morning. Mrs. Russell Harrison will also probably be here in a day or two. Mrs. Dimick and Mrs. Parker, nieces of Mr. Harrison, and Lieut. Parker accompanied Mrs. Harrison here, and has ever since been unremitting in their attention to her. The President's grandchildren, Bennie and Mary McKee, are with their mother, but are purposely kept ignorant of the true situation.

Statement of the Case.

"She was first taken with a severe attack of the grip in Washington in the winter of 1890, followed and aggravated by severe bronchial and pulmonary troubles, lasting some time. While at Cape May in the summer of 1891 she again took a heavy cold and the bronchial troubles reappeared. It was some weeks before this attack yielded to treatment. Last winter she had a second attack of the grip which, this time, was followed by catarrhal pneumonia, lasting seven or eight days. After that she was troubled with a severe cough, followed in March last by a slight hemorrhage of the right lung, followed by consolidation of the right apex. This consolidation has gradually increased up to the present time, accompanied throughout with nervous prostration. The conditions stated in the bulletin then ensued, resulting in the development of effusions."

LEFT LOON LAKE AT NOON.

Mrs. Harrison Taken to Washington by a Fast Special Train.

Troy, N. Y., Sept. 20.—President and Mrs. Harrison left Loon Lake for Washington at noon. Mrs. Harrison is improved in health, and the doctors decided that her condition would warrant her departure. The entire trip will be made by special train. From Loon Lake to Plattsburg the special train will include a baggage car, a drawing room car and a sleeping coach from the Pennsylvania railroad.

The party will be in charge of Conductor W. McKinney and Engineer George Heydorn, of the Delaware & Hudson company from Plattsburg to Albany. The train will be due at Whitehall at 6:30 o'clock, but the only stop between Plattsburg and Albany will be made at Saratoga, at 7:35—ten minutes for lunch. Arriving at Albany at 9 o'clock, the Presidential party will be transferred to the West Shore road, and at Jersey City the route to Washington will be continued on the Pennsylvania road. The trip will be a fast one, the time between some points being better than that of limited trains.

THE ODD FELLOWS AT PORTLAND.

The Opening Session on Monday—Grand Parade in the Afternoon.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 19.—The grand representatives to the sovereign grand lodge of Odd Fellows assembled in Muarquam theater at 10 a. m. to-day, where they were formally welcomed to Portland and the state of Oregon by Mayor Mason and Governor Pennoyer. J. J. Walton welcomed the representatives in behalf of the grand lodge and grand encampment of Oregon. At the conclusion of the exercises at the theater, the representatives, escorted by canton Portland No. 1, marched to Arion hall, where the sixty-eighth annual session was formally opened by Grand Sire Busbee. The session was immediately adjourned, however, to allow the representatives to participate in the parade.

Buildings along the route were handsomely decorated with evergreens, red, white and blue bunting, and the royal purple. The arches were also decorated alike, and, bearing the emblems of the order, span the street at Odd Fellows' Temple and at the Odd Fellows' headquarters.

They consist of a main arch, extending across the street, and two smaller arches over the sidewalk. The main arch is surmounted by an oblong banner with the inscription, "Welcome." Below the arch on one side is a picture of Thomas Wildey; on the other the emblem of the order, with the inscription, "We Command You to Visit the Sick, Relieve Distress, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan."

LATEST FIGURES FROM MAINE.

The Republican Plurality Will Exceed Twelve Thousand.

Lewisten, Me., Sept. 16.—The Evening Journal gives returns from 495 towns. The vote is: Cleaves, 67,510; Johnson, 54,938; Hussey, 3,318; Bateman, 2,934; Union Labor and scattering, 125; Republican plurality, 12,572. The remaining seventeen places two years ago gave 353 Republican and 421 Democratic votes, Congressman Dingley's plurality in the Second district is 3,270.

OFFICIAL RETURNS FROM VERMONT

Republicans Carry the State by 19,664 Plurality.

Rutland, Vt., Sept. 15.—Returns of the recent election have now been received from the entire state. Fuller, Republican, for governor, has 39,190; Smalley, Democrat, 19,526; Allen, Prohibitionist, 1,650. Fuller's plurality of 19,664, and majority, 18,014.

To Go Over Niagara Falls.

Cincinnati, Sept. 14.—Bridge Jumper Meredith Stanley, of this city, proposes to float over Niagara Falls in a barrel of strong oak, well hooped and covered with copper. It is eight feet long and six feet in diameter, the inside being padded, and is ready for use.

AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Army of the Cumberland—Revisiting the Famous Battle Ground—A Princely Welcome Extended.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 15.—The Army of the Cumberland will camp on the old battlefield of Chickamauga to-day. The reunion is, as predicted, proving one of the largest held in years. The brigade of Gen. Wilder is particularly well represented, and will lay the corner stone of its monument in the Chickamauga National park. Acting Secretary of War Grant has sent his approval of the location of the monument, and it now stands just south of Gen. Rosecrans's old headquarters on the battlefield. It is 110 feet high, and cost $35,000. It is estimated that there are 20,000 surviving members of the Army of the Cumberland, and a good proportion of these were present to-day at the splendid welcome accorded them by the citizens of Chattanooga.

Among the notable characters here to-day is "Little Johnny Clem," the famous drummer boy of Chickamauga.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 17.—At the meeting yesterday the Army of the Cumberland re-elected all of the former officers, adding Capt. C. F. Miller, of Chattanooga, to the list of vice presidents. The time of the meeting was made Sept. 20 and 21, instead of December, reported by the committee.

The exact spot where Gen. Ed. King was killed was located, and will be marked. At night a symposium was held on Cameron Hill. The veterans will return to their homes or go to Washington to-night.

PROCESS FOR TEMPERING COPPER.

Valuable Invention by a Warren, Pa., Man.

New York, Sept. 19.—The Times prints an interview this morning with John Sager, an inventor of Warren, who claims to have discovered a process for tempering copper to the hardness of steel. This is what inventors have been trying to do for many years, but so far as known, only one process has been put to the commercial test.

Mr. Sager said: "I have had my tempered copper analyzed by Prof. Geuth, of Philadelphia, with the following result: Silver, 0.057; copper, 99.224; tin, none; lead, none; iron, 0.0699; arsenic, 0.006; phosphorus, 0.015; total, 99.911. The recent analyzis by Prof. Geuth of the tempered copper made at North East showed the composition to be as follows; Silver, 0.025; copper, 99.981; tin, none; zinc, none; iron, 0.088; arsenic, 0.042; phosphorus, 0.018."

GOV. MCKINLEY'S BROTHER DEAD.

He Was Stricken With Paralysis at San Francisco.

San Francisco, Sept. 19.—D. A. McKinley, a brother of Gov. McKinley, of Ohio, and Hawaiian consul at this port, died here yesterday. He was stricken with paralysis Saturday, and another stroke came, causing death. He was 63 years old, and came to California in 1852.

Columbus, Sept. 19.—(Special.)—Governor McKinley will not attend the G. A. R. encampment at Washington, owing to the death of his brother. He will return home at once.

Gen. Alger's Daughter Married.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 16.—One of the society events of the season was the marriage last evening of Wm. E. Bailey, of Seattle, Wash., to Miss Fay Alger, at the residence of the bride's father, Gen. Russell A. Alger. All the arrangements were elaborate and extensive, and among those present were many society people.

Bridge Over the Mississippi.

Clinton, Iowa, Sept. 17.—To-day, two years and nine days from the driving of the first spike, September 8, 1890, the Clinton and Illinois highway bridge was opened to the public without public demonstration or display; that will come later. The bridge is 4,494 feet in length, including approaches. Total length iron and steel spans is 2,814 feet; weight, 1,800,000 pounds. The roadway is 18 feet in width. The total cost was $146,000. This makes a total of three steel bridges across the Mississippi river within two miles.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LARGE SHIPMENT OF SEALSKINS.

How the Rookeries Are Guarded by American Cruisers.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 16.—A large shipment of sealskins left London by the Canadian Pacific yesterday, valued at $200,000, and filled six large cars. The skins will be offered for sale at the London fall sales.

The sealing schooner Aurora left the other night quietly, it is supposed to raid the seal rookeries in Bering sea. Private advices state that the American Bering sea cruisers have orders on way from Washington, that will keep the Bear and Adams in the sea till December 1, by which time the seal rookeries will have little need of guarding. The other cruisers will leave on the first proximo, and will make directly for San Francisco, except the cutter Corwin, which has been ordered to Sitka.

CONGRESS OPENED BY DIAZ.

Mexican Affairs Reported in Good Shape by Him.

City of Mexico, Sept. 17.—Congress was opened by President Diaz last night. In his address the President said the United States legation had requested that negotiations be opened for the irrigation of the land on both sides of the Rio Grande river, and these negotiations were in progress.

The mixed commission of engineers appointed to re-establish the boundary posts between the United States and Mexico had decided the limits would be changed on account of the alterations in the current of the Rio Grande. The work of the commission had not yet been begun, owing to the failure of the United States government to provide funds to defray the expenses of their representatives.

VIOLATED A TREATY CLAUSE.

United States Schooners Captured by a British Cruiser.

St. John's, N. B., Sept. 15.—There was considerable talk when it was learned that the fishery cruiser Curlew had brought into port the fishing schooner Hattie Mand, of Portland, Maine. It appears that last year the schooner violated one of the clauses of the treaty of 1818, by shipping a seaman at Shelburne, N. S. This schooner has been in custody since September 4, when she was captured at Flaggs Cove, Grand Manan, and she has been waiting since that time for orders from Ottawa. The orders arrived at Flaggs Cove yesterday, and in consequence the vessel was brought to St. John's.

CANAL FROM ST. CLAIR TO ERIE.

The Detroit River Would be Avoided and Distance Saved.

Toronto, Sept. 16.—It is proposed to construct a ship canal from Lake St. Clair to Lake Erie, a distance of eleven miles. Such a canal would mean a saving of 100 miles, and would enable vessels to avoid the Detroit river.

That All-Gone or Faint Feeling

This is an every-day occurrence; women are taken with that "all-gone" or faint feeling, while working, walking, calling, or shopping. The cause of this feeling is some derangement, weakness, or irregularity incident to her sex. It matters little from what cause it may arise; instant relief may always be found by using *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*. It is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for those peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women. It acts in perfect harmony with the laws that govern the female system under all circumstances.

All Druggists sell it, or send by mail, in form of Pills, or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo., and send same to Tanqueray Portrait Society, 741 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge, all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture Free as per this offer.

FARM FENCE Made of Best Galvanized STEEL WIRE

Best Fence and Gates for all purposes. Write for catalogue giving full particulars. THE SEDGWICK BROS. CO. Richmond, Ind.

TO EVERY MAN—CURE YOURSELF

Why waste time, money and health with "Doctors, Wonderful Cure-alls," specifics, etc., when for a two-cent stamp I will send FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the prompt LASTING cure of Lost Power, Nightly Emissions, Lack of Energy, all drains and losses, Varicocele, and to enlarge, strengthen and develope weak, stunted organs, from early or later excesses or use of tobacco and stimulants, lack of vigor in old or young men quickly restored. I send this prescription FREE of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put up and prescribe everything in plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct or advise your friends to do so. But you can do as you please about this. You will never hear from me again, as it will cure when all else has failed. Write at once, as this advertisement may not appear again.

BEFORE. AFTER.

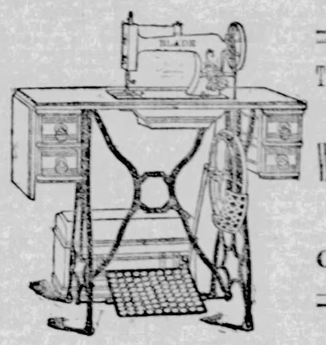
Address J. D. HOUSE, Box 437, ALBION, MICH.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED, HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.



THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. DOES PERFECT WORK.

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering the A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a hard-wood box go with every machine. Its simplicity and the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entirely new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money and pay freight.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $80.00 for 20 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles, or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.

CONFESSED FRAUD AND THEFT.

An Ex-American Consul With an Unsavory Record.

Copenhagen, Sept. 15.—H. Ryder, the ex-American consul here, who is under arrest for frauds in connection with the administration of estates that were intrusted to him in his official capacity, has confessed to further frauds, in withholding the payment of legacy. He had also confessed that he stole books from the Athenaeum Reading club.

French Imports.

London, Sept. 16.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says: The French imports for August amounted to 248,488,000 francs, as against 388,094,000 francs for the corresponding month of 1891; and the exports to 205,705,000, as against 276,844,000 francs for the same period last year. The exports of manufactured articles have diminished 27,500,000 francs since the new tariff regime went into force in February.

With the United States.

London, Sept. 13.—Mr. Arthur Morley, the postmaster general, has written to Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., for North Kerry, stating that arrangements are progressing to accelerate the South Irish postal service with the United States.

GLIMPSES OF THE OLD WORLD.

Rodrigues has declared himself dictator of Costa Rica.

An official report shows the wheat crop of France amounts to 109,264,421 hectolitres, and that 6,979,911 hectares were sown.

A provincial paper alleges that it has authority to state that Emperor William will dissolve the reichstag if the new military bill is rejected.

The ameer of Afghanistan has postponed his attack on the religious Hazara tribesmen, because his troops have become demoralized by cholera.

The vintage in Sicily is of fair quantity. Many new vines planted a few years ago are beginning to yield plentifully, but the quality is inferior and the prices are low.

The Vienna correspondent of the London News says that the Russians withdrew from the Pamirs only because the Afghans and the Chinese refused to sell them food.

The sultan of Morocco has stopped operations against the Angeritte Kabyl. Exhibet, the governor of Anghera, has been deposed. The French embassy is about to start for Fez.

The Lyons Salud Public reports that a military convention between France and Russia was signed at a meeting between President Carn

WASHINGTON NEWS.

A BAD RECORD.

Penuriousness of the Late Congress —Not Quite $200,000 Appropriated to Protect the Country's Health.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 16.—(Special.)—One neglectful and disgraceful performance of the Democratic branch of the Fifty-second Congress is brought painfully to notice just at the present moment. Despite the fact that this Congress spent $46,000,000 more than its "Billion Dollar" predecessor, it showed such a petty meanness that it must bring the blush to the cheeks of every citizen, be he Republican or Democrat. There is one incident of the pusillanimity and picayunishness which characterized the course of the House in its appropriations, which is particularly prominent at the present moment in the condition of the health fund and the appropriation for the entertainment of the Grand Army.

The attempts at economy on the part of the House came near leaving the government with a mere bagatelle with which to fight the cholera. It has been the custom for years to appropriate a liberal sum at each session of Congress, and authorize the President to spend it at his discretion in the prevention of the introduction or spread of contageous or infectious diseases. This sum was originally put at $500,000, but it has not often been necessary to use any considerable amount of this appropriation. Under the law and the rulings of the department, it is held that this appropriation lapses with the end of the fiscal year, unless re-appropriated.

Very Square Cuss.

When the sundry civil bill was made up by the House Appropriations committee, it put a clause in the bill, simply re-appropriating the amount left over from former appropriations, and added nothing to it. That sum amounted to $97,000 to take the place of one in former years which had been as high as $500,000. And this, too, with cholera already visible on the other side of the water, and threatening to a greater or less extent, this country. But there must be economy.

The Democratic House felt called upon to make a record of saving of the people's money. Hence the lives of 65,000,000 of people were a matter of secondary importance apparently. Anyway, the committee merely re-appropriated the pittance which was left over from former years. When the bill went to the Senate, the matter was looked into by the appropriations committee, and by Senators on the floor of the Senate, and an amendment adopted adding $200,000, making the fairly respectable sum of $297,000 available for immediate use should the President find it necessary.

Non-Concurred In.

This amendment was non-concurred in by the Democratic House, and was sent to the conferees' committee. There it was wrestled over, the Senate conferees calling attention to the danger of invasion from cholera, and insisted that a total of $297,000 was little enough for an occasion of this kind. The penuriousness of the House conferees, headed by Watch Dog Holman, was maintained. They had a backing of a House three-fourths Democratic, which could calmly pass a $45,000,000 river and harbor bill, and then choke off a $200,000 amendment to protect the health of the country. They had the power in their hands, and by simply refusing to accede to the Senate amendment forced the Senate conferees to yield $100,000, and a compromise was reached by which $100,000 was added to the orginal appropriation of $97,000, making the total available $197,000.

When the matter came back from the House, Senator Harris, who is a Democrat, and who has been chairman of the committee on epidemic diseases, called upon Senator Allison, of the appropriations' committee, and asked him why the appropriation had been cut down. Senator Allison replied that as much as the Senate conferees regretted the necessity, they had been absolutely compelled to yield $100,000 to the demands of the House conferees, and added: "No one can more regret this necessity than did the Senate conferees."

INNOVATION IN MAIL SERVICE.

The Government to Examine the System of Pneumatic Tubes.

Washington, Sept. 15.—Postmaster-General Wanamaker yesterday opened a number of proposals under the act, authorizing him "to examine into the subject of a more rapid dispatch of mail matter between large cities and post-offices and transportation terminals in cities, by means of pneumatic tubes or other systems," with the view of ascertaining the cost and advantages. The purpose in asking for these proposals is to obtain data which will be made the basis of a report to Congress. The Pneumatic Transit company, of Philadelphia, proposed to lay pneumatic tubes in Philadelphia. If found satisfactory, the system will be leased to the government or it may be purchased.

THE CENSUS BUREAU STATISTICS.

Interesting Figures on the Nativity of Population.

Washington, Sept. 16.—The census bureau has issued a bulletin on the color, sex and general nativity of the population of the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Of the male population of these states, taken as a whole, over 21 years of age, 19.59 per cent are aliens; 64.23 per cent have been naturalized; 7.31 per cent have taken out their first papers. As to the remaining 8.87 per cent nothing has been learned. Of the aliens in Ohio, 35.43 per cent can not speak the English language. In Indiana, the percentage is 26.10; in Illinois, 30.24; in Michigan, 27.99; in Wisconsin, 42.23, and in Minnesota, 34.26.

GOOD RESULT FROM IRRIGATION.

Government Report of the Work in the Western States.

Washington, Sept. 15.—The census bureau has issued a bulletin upon the general subject of irrigation in the Western states. It is shown that of the 124,808 farms enumerated in the arid region in June 1890, 52,584, or 42.13 per cent contained land on which crops were raised in 1889 by the artificial application of water, the entire area of land irrigated being 3,564,416 acres, 20.72 per cent of the total area of the 52584 irrigated farms, 9.66 per cent of the total area of the whole number of farms enumerated, and about one-half of 1 per cent of the total land area of the arid region.

NO CAUSE FOR BOURBON ELATION.

Republicans Achieved a Signal Victory in Maine.

Washington, Sept. 13.—(Special.)—While the Democrats at the capital feel especially elated at the reports of yesterday's election in Maine, and profess to have cut the Republican majority in two, Republicans here can see no reason why the party and country should not be reasonably well satisfied with the election of all four Congressmen, the governor, two-thirds of both branches of the legislature, and the carrying of fourteen out of sixteen counties.

ARE LOOKING UP THE QUESTION.

The President May Suspend Immigration.

Washington, Sept. 14.—The law officers of the government are looking up the legal powers of the President in the matter of a temporary suspension or prohibition of immigration.

Nothing, however, has yet been done on the subject.

Consular Appointments.

Washington, Sept. 16.—The following consular appointments were announced yesterday by the State department: W. R. Estes, consul at Nuremberg; Louis A. Dent, consul at Kingston, Jamaica; Hon. C. M. Barre, consul at Valparaiso, to succeed Mr. McCreary, who has resigned; Charles H. Cowan, consul at Manilla, Phillipine Islands. Mr. Barre is a prominent lawyer of Michigan. Mr. Dent was for a number of years private secretary to Mr. Blaine.

CARRY EVERY NORTHERN STATE.

Secretary Charles Foster is Confident of the Result.

Washington, Sept. 14.—(Special.)—Secretary of the Treasury Foster says: "The Maine election reminds me of the September election there in 1880, when the Republicans made a bad showing, but when the November election came, Maine was all right.

"Ever since then I have not had much faith in September elections in Maine. The state will be all right in November. We have elected everything there as it is. We shall carry every Northern state in November."

Indians Indemnified.

Washington, Sept. 15.—Acting Secretary Chandler has oredred the payment of $200,000 authorized by Congress as an indemnity to the Sioux Indians for 5,000 ponies taken by the government some years ago, during one of the Indian outbreaks in the Northwest.

GENERAL NEWS.

PECK ARRESTED.

The Labor Commissioner Points to His Report and Refuses to be Interviewed—Committee Leaves in Disgust.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 17.—A committee sent by the national Democratic committee, comprising Hon. Nelson Smith, J. Schoenhof, E. Ellery Anderson and Edward F. McSweeney, called on Commissioner Peck, of the state bureau of labor statistics, yesterday afternoon, and labored with him for over an hour to secure the names of the manufacturers reporting to him the effect of the tariff on their respective industries. They also asked to see the individual returns, but Mr. Peck held to his original statement that he would show nothing but what was contained in his full annual report, which was hardly what the committee was after.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 17.—At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at the request of District Attorney Eaton, warrants were issued for the arrest of Charles E. Peck, commissioner of the state bureau of labor statistics, and his stenographer, Elbert Rodgers, by Police Justice Guttman. The arrest is made under section 94 of the penal code, which makes it a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment for five years or a fine of $500, or both, for destroying public records. The charge is that certain circulars and statistics received by Mr. Peck from manufacturers of this state from which to compile his report on the effect of the McKinley tariff on wages and production, had been removed from his office and destroyed.

The proceedings leading up to the issuance of the warrants were begun yesterday morning before Judge Guttman behind closed doors. Those present were District Attorney Eaton, Corporation Counsel Delehanty and ex-Senator Norton Chase. Among the persons who were subpoenaed, and who gave the testimony on which the warrants were issued, were Wm. Dennison, janitor of the private house where Mr. Peck and Mr. Rodgers have rooms, a servant who has charge of Mr. Peck's rooms, and Miss Shaffer, a clerk in the bureau of labor statistics. The facts secured from Mr. Dennison, as learned by an Associated Press reporter, are that two weeks ago an expressman brought about 25 packages, each about two feet long, a foot high and a foot wide, to the house where Mr. Peck boards, and he with a man who was with him, carried them up to the rooms of Mr. Peck, and there they were afterwards stored in the private bathroom. The packages remained there until last Sunday. In the afternoon of that day Mr. Rodgers told Janitor Dennison he wanted to have the contents of the packages burned in the house furnace that night. Mr. Dennison said that that was his night off, when Mr. Rodgers gave him $2 to do the work. He consented, and shortly after 6 o'clock that right Mr. Dennison carried the packages down to the cellar from Mr. Peck's bathroom, and starting a fire in the furnace, kept feeding it steadily with the contents of the packages until 20 minutes to 3 o'clock Monday morning. Mr. Rodgers made all the arrangements with Dennison. Some of the packages were brown in the privy vault, but most of them were burned. Nearly all of the paper burned was blue sheets, which were of the same color and size as those sent out to manufacturers asking for returns on the effect of the tariff. It is not known just how the burning of the papers leaked out. Norton Chase said after the warrants had been issued, that he had proof that if not all, part of the tariff circulars received by Mr. Peck for his report had been burned.

Commissioner Peck said last night that he and Mr. Rodgers had been served with a notice to answer the warrants in police court at 10 o'clock today. He said: "The securing of these warrants of arrest is the culmination of the fight made by mugwumps and anti-Hill Democrats on Gov. Hill and his friends, and it is all they can expect henceforth from these quarters."

New York, Sept. 19.—Labor Commissioner Peck intends to make things lively for those who have questioned the correctness of the figures in his now famous report. He came to New York yesterday and was seen at the Victoria hotel by a reporter. He talked freely, and seemed to be perfectly content with the outlook in the mandamus proceedings, which will be settled this week.

When asked as to the truth of the statement that he had burned or caused to be destroyed the individual reports from which his report was compiled, he said: "The papers have not been and will not be destroyed, but Mr. Anderson and the other mugwumps or anti-snappers, as they call themselves, will not get them. I obtained most of those reports on my personal pledge that no names should be disclosed.

"I could not have obtained the data otherwise, the law does not give me power to require facts concerning any man's private business. The same rule holds good in all the states where there are statistical bureaus, and also in obtaining figures for the United States census. In Massachusetts it is, by statute, made a misdemeanor to reveal such facts. I wrote personal letters to thousands of manufacturers who had refused to send the figures asked for in my circular, and on my promise to keep their names secret they entrusted me with the facts. I will not break my pledged word, no matter what will be the consequence; will go to jail first.

"As to the correctness of my figures themselves, they were a surprise—disagreeable, if you will, but a surprise—to me. I had expected it to be all the other way, and the first tabulation on the silk industry was our way, but nine-tenths of the others, both individually and by trades, showed large increases in both production and the wages paid.

"It was the most searching investigation ever made in this state, and the figures published are correct. They are borne out by those obtained by Commissioner Wadlin, of Massachusetts, and by Commissioner Peele, of Indiana, who is a staunch Democrat. He, like myself, began the investigation in the expectation of obtaining different results.

"I worked on the line of facts obtained from manufacturers, while he took those obtained from the workmen themselves, yet our figures coincide exactly."

NO STRIKE ON THE READING.

Matters Settled Amicably Wednesday Afternoon.

Philadelphia, Sept. 14.—There will be no strike on the Reading system. At the conference yesterday, all matters were amicably settled. Twenty-five committemen, with Chief Arthur as their spokesman, conferred with President McLeod and General Manager Sweigard in the Reading's general offices from 2 until 2:45 o'clock, and the meeting was harmonious throughout.

It Is Unconstitutional.

Buffalo, Sept. 13.—The decision in the Monroe county apportionment cases, which were argued at the extraordinary session of the general term held in this city August 16, was handed down this morning. The opinion of Judge Rumsey, of the Supreme court, which declared the reapportionment unconstitutional, was affirmed. Justice Macomber wrote a lengthy dissenting opinion affirming the opinion of Justice Rumsey.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE CHOLERA.

The Disease Not Spreading in New York City—The Passengers in the Quarantine Camps.

New York, Sept. 14.—The board of health announced this afternoon that from a bacteriological examination made by Prof. Herman Biggs on the bodies of several suspected cholera patients, there have been five deaths from Asiatic cholera in the city of New York.

The names of those who died from cholera are: Chas. McAvoy, who died September 6, address not known; Mrs. Sophia Widman, died September 10, at 768 Eleventh avenue; Wm. Widman, husband of Sophia, at the same address on the following day; Minnie Lavager, who died September 11, at 411 East 46th street; Charlotte Beck, 30 years old, who died at 11 o'clock yesterday (Tuesday morning at No. 1764 Second avenue.

THE BOHEMIA IN PORT.

Eleven Deaths from Cholera on the Voyage.

New York, Sept. 16.—Another plague ship is in port, and another story of death on the voyage. Eleven more victims added to the long list of those who have died of cholera between Hamburg and New York. This is the story of the steamship Bohemia, which reached New York last night and anchored in the lower quarantine.

Her coming had been dreaded as much as the coming of her sister ship and sister death-house, the Scandia. She left Hamburg, that fruitful hotbed of the cholera, at the time when the pest was at its worst, and her 681 steerage passengers gathered from the infected districts of Germany and Russia, were confidently expected to bring cholera with them.

Quarantine, Sept. 16.—The following dispatch has just been received from Dr. Byron: "Have been on board Bohemia, which arrived last night. The following list of sick on board during voyage of gastrio-intestinal trouble I have taken to Swinburne Island: Max Feingold, aged 6; Chage Bass, aged 28; Leo Handdeck, aged 26, and a baby belonging to one of the women. They have on board 633 steerage, 10 cabin, 77 crew, all of whom I passed, and found well. Condition of ship first-class as regards cleanliness.

"The dead are: Sara Dister, aged 25, died on September 6; Peshe Dister, aged 3, died September 6; Rewke Wessli, aged 25, died 7th; Jankel Fawodnich, 1 year, died 7th; Marianne Rodonsk, aged 2, died on the 7th; Schance Friedman, died 8th, aged 5 1-2; Schiendall Bass, aged 1, died 8th; Mosche Bass, aged 4, died 12th; Selig Lipshon, aged 1, died 15th; Taub Mendelsohn, aged 3, died 15th; Liedh Mendelsohn, aged 5, died 15th.

On Friday.

Quarantine, S. I., Sept. 15.—There arrived this morning the steamers Croft, from Dundee, Clude Congal, from Havana. The Congal had only one passenger, as the passengers booked for this vessel declined to sail, fearing the quarantine of twenty days on arrival at New York. The North German Lloyd steamer Trave, from Bremen and Southampton, dropped anchor in quarantine at 8:45 a. m., awaiting the health officers' visit. She will probably land this afternoon, or at the latest, to-morrow morning.

The State of Nevada, from Glasgow, which arrived yesterday, was also visited this morning. All aboard are well.

Saturday's Report.

New York, Sept. 17.—There has been no known case of cholera in this city since Thursday night, and only one case suspected to be cholera. The suspect is the man Hoppe, who came to notice yesterday afternoon.

The big liner, Fuerst Bismarck, came over the bar this morning, clean as a hound's tooth of cholera germs. She had no steerage people, but she carried 447 cabin passengers, all of whom are well.

The Mohawk, of London, came in, too, with all aboard. Senator Ingalls, Miss Jessie Story and Mr. Duke, of North Carolina, were among the passengers. Fifty-seven there were of the cabin passengers, and 55 persons in the steerage. The latter were as healthy as those on the upper decks, and the Mohawk was permitted to come up to the city.

There are nearly four thousand souls detained down the bay, and a fleet of ships are at anchor, the Bothnia, Suevia and City of Chester, having been added last night. The Wieland will probably be released, and go to her dock today.

The Moravia will be discharged in a day or two, and her passengers landed at Ellis Island. The Wyoming is being held to get the result of the bacteriological examination. The Helogiland will be detained some days. The Bohemia will also be held. She has had no new cases and no suspects since arrival. To-day the cabin passengers on the Wyoming and Rugia will be transferred to Fire Island. The Cepheus will take them over. Each ships' passengers will be kept separate at Fire Island.

Record of One Death.

New York, Sept. 17.—As the afternoon wore away there came up from Swinburne Island the record of one death, that of Chage Bass, a woman 28 years old, and a native of Russia. She came in on the Bohemia. In the city there are no suspected persons except the four girls from the Friesland in the Willard Parker hospital, and one Joseph Comprovertz, who, it transpires, was taken ill at 3 a. m. to-day. The woman, Mary Conerty, sick with cholera at the reception hospital, is reported better. From Brooklyn late this after noon comes official announcement that there is no cholera in that city.

With those in the lower bay all was well at 3 o'clock save for measles on the Bohemia, which has 200 children abroad. All her passengers have been scrubbed with soap, and the disinfection of the ship continues.

MAYOR PINGREE'S ACTION.

Asks the President to Prohibit Immigration for a Period.

Detroit, Sept. 14.—(Special.)—At last night's session of the city council, Mayor Pingree stated that he, in co-operation with the mayors of Toledo, Chicago, Cleveland, Grand Rapids, Port Huron, Duluth, Jackson, and other cities, was about to ask President Harrison to prohibit immigration for a stated period. A resolution favoring the proposed step was passed by the body. Following is a copy of the message sent to the President:

Detroit, September 13, 1892.

Benjamin Harrison, President United States, Washington, D. C.:

Many large Western cities join Detroit in asking you to assume and exercise authority to prohibit immigration for at least ninety days. Will send original correspondence, together with resolution of Detroit common council, by mail.

H. S. PINGREE,
Mayor of Detroit.

Detroit, Sept. 17.—Immigrants have begun blockade running. They are now swarming in the United States by means of small boats at outlying towns, and nothing short of an absolute river patrol, day and night, will stop them. Eleven immigrants crossed the river at Wyandotte Wednesday night under cover of two small row boats, and the entire lot left Wyandotte on the 10 o'clock train. The customs house officials learned of the stolen march after the birds had flown and reported the case to the Wyandotte health officer. Means were taken at once to thoroughly investigate the case, but the utmost vigilance has failed to discover the culprits. Since then night patrolmen have been instructed to devote most of their watch to the river bank.

At Marine City a batch of immigrants got across recently. They had no quarantine certificates and were taken before the mayor. The mayor is a physician and he examined them and allowed them to cross the river.

Tuesday's Report.

New York, Sept. 20.—Up from Sandy Hook, fifteen miles away, there comes this morning a report that the woman who was yesterday thought to have developed cholera symptoms, is improved in her condition. No deaths are reported since the close of these dispatches last night, down the harbor, while the official bulletin in this city this morning announces that there have been no cases of cholera in this city since the bulletin.

A suspected case, Louis Weinhagen, of 14 First street, has been removed to the hospital. The autumnal weather of to-day is gloriously invigorating, the mercury marking 64 degrees at noon, and a brisk breeze setting from the northward out through the quarantine camps straight toward the sea. In town the sharp atmosphere and the abounding ozone renders the public pulse too strong for lodgment of any nervous apprehension.

The steamers Norge and Amur left quarantine this morning for the city, while these ships come in from sea to keep up the fleet in the lower bay: Steamers Richmond Hill, London; Norwegian, Glasgow; Taurie, Liverpool; Hermann, Breman; La Place, Rio Janeiro and St. Lucia.

London, Sept. 20.—The Times this morning publishes a special dispatch from its correspondent in Hamburg in reference to the progress of the plague, which rejects all previous theories as to the importation of cholera germs into that city. The dispatch says: "If the disease was imported into Hamburg it was not by poor emigrants but by a better class of Germans who were retreating from Russia. The most likely explanation, however, is that the cholera germs were not imported at all, but were left in the soil from previous epidemics, as is known to be the case in India and elsewhere; and their activity is due to the peculiar influence during the present cholera season."

EPIDEMIC IS AGAIN SPREADING.

Measures to Suppress the Disease Inefficient at Antwerp.

Antwerp, Sept. 15.—The measures taken here to repress the cholera are totally insufficient, and the ostrich-like policy of the municipal authorities, who, despite the fact that cholera victims are daily taken to the hospitals, continue to deny the existence of the disease, has caused the general public to forego personal precautions that no doubt would tend greatly toward checking the disease. As a result, the epidemic is spreading.

A DECREASE IN RUSSIA.

More Particularly Noticeable in Towns Along the Volga.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 15.—There is a marked decrease in the number of new cases of cholera in Russia, particularly in the towns along the Volga, and in the Lieutenancy of Caucasus, where the disease has raged with extreme violence.

City of Mexico, Sept. 16.—Dispatches received here announcing the appearance of cholera in New York city created a profound sensation on all sides. The government has asked for details of the matter, and if the story is confirmed it will declare the strictest quarantine against all arrivals from the United States.

Madrid, Sept. 16.—The Spanish government has declared quarantine against New York. The official gazette announced to-day that all vessels arriving at Spanish ports will be detained. Persons arriving at frontier stations from New York will also be subjected to quarantine.

McKINLEY ON THE OUTLOOK.

New York and the Northwestern States Safe for Republicans.

Pittsburg, Sept. 20.—(Special.)—Governor McKinley, of Ohio, was interviewed at Somerset, Pa., yesterday by a Chronicle-Telegraph reporter. Referring to the political outlook the governor said: "The Republican party in New York is firmly united. There are no factional quarrels, the state is prosperous, as is the whole country, and the Republicans of New York ask no more. They know from whence their prosperity proceeds, and are well content to see it perpetuated. New industries are springing up, workmen are employed, and Democratic Labor Commissioner Peck says they are getting better wages than usual.

"Now, as for the Northwestern states, I don't believe the Democrats will carry a single one. The Republicans are well organized out there, and they are not likely to be caught napping. I see no reasonable basis on which the Democrats can build hopes of carrying a single Northwestern state. In the silver states, in Colorado, Nevada, and other states, there is a hot campaign going on. I have no prediction to make as to the outcome, except that they will not go Democratic. Why should they go Democratic? You may be sure that the silver states will never support Grover Cleveland."

"Do you look for any Republican gains in the South, governor?"

"I do not. I see no hope for Republican gains in the South. If we could get a fair vote and an honest count I have no doubt that we should gain, but there seems small hope for that. The situation in Alabama, however, is encouraging for an honest vote. Whenever the white people in the South divide, the colored man gets a chance to put in his vote and get it counted. Both parties then go after him and his vote, and that appears to be the situation in Alabama just now."

GERRYMANDER UNCONSTITUTIONAL

So Declares an Indiana Common Pleas Judge.

New Castle, Ind., Sept. 20.—(Special.)—Yesterday Judge Bunday, of the Common Pleas court, rendered a decision in the suit brought to compel the sheriff to issue a notice of election for member of Congress in this gerrymandered district. The sheriff refused because he believed the law unconstitutional, and Judge Bunday was of the same opinion, and so decided.

REINDEER FOR A DAYTON MAN.

Peculiar Innovation Introduced by Charlie Gilliland.

New York, Sept. 19.—The Thingvalla line steamer Norge, Copenhagen, August 30, arrived at this port last evening. She brings a consignment of five Lapland reindeer, in charge of a native trainer, for Chas. Gilliland, of Dayton, O. The animals are in excellent shape. They will be taken hence to Canada until cold weather, when they will be sent to Dayton and put in training for a trial of speed against some of Mr. Gilliland's horses.

If successful, reindeer racing will doubtless become a popular winter sport. Native sledges will be used for the deer with the same style of harness gear as used on the Russian steppes.

LAWYERS SWINDLE THE INDIANS.

General Miles Says That It Is Barefaced Robbery.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Gen. Nelson A. Miles's annual report of the condition of affairs in the department of Missouri was forwarded to Washington yesterday. One of the most important features of the report is the statement regarding the swindling operations of a ring of lawyers, who are said to have gotten $67,000 from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians on a pretense that they had settled certain Indian claims again the government. Gen. Miles has steadfastly adhered to the belief that the deal was a barefaced robbery, and has said so in very vigorous language in his report.

REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

The National Convention at Buffalo —Big Attendance and Great Enthusiasm Manifested—Clarkson Re-elected President.

Buffalo, Sept. 16.—It was after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the League convention was called to order for the second session, by President Clarkson. Five minute reports were received from the delegates of various states. J. S. Fowler represented Arkansas; Capt. Seamens, California; Governor Harrison Reid, Florida; Mr. Jones, Idaho; W. W. Tracey, Illinois; Mr. Mansfield, Indiana; Mr. Brigham, Iowa; Mr. Moore, Kansas; L. J. Crawford, Kentucky; Mr. Blunt, Louisiana.

The convention adopted a resolution expressing sorrow over the illness of the wife of the President, and extending him deep sympathy. The various committees were appointed and the convention adjourned till evening.

Music hall filled slowly in the evening, but it was filled at last and when the exercises began every seat was taken. There was a fair sprinkling of ladies in the audience, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. The college clubs arrived shortly before 8 o'clock, and after announcing the fact by college yells took seats in the gallery. A brass band enlivened the tedium of waiting with numerous selections, and this together with campaign songs kept the enthusiasm at a high level for 15 or 20 minutes.

The entrance of J. Sloat Fassett was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause, and hardly had it subsided when Gen. J. S. Clarkson rapped for order, and in a brief but appropriate speech introduced the first speaker of the evening, Hon. J. I. Dolliver, of Iowa.

"Let us, as Republicans, keep alive the memories of past years," said the speaker. "Let not the history of the United States become obselete to suit the demands of the Democratic party."

He then launched forth in facetious comment upon Democratic attempts at legislation during the past year. He eulogized the administration of President Harrison, and was cheered with the utmost enthusiasm. He closed, thanking the crowd for its attention and interest.

McKinley Introduced.

Major McKinley was next introduced, and for some time the house was in a perfect uproar, the audience rising en masse and greeting the speaker with waving hats and handkerchiefs.

The governor, after expressing the gratification he felt at being present with the league in the opening which it gave to the campaign of 1892, said the issues this year, which were to be settled, were made by the national platforms of the two great parties, both of which, without qualification of equivocation, stated the principles which they represented.

Buffalo, Sept. 16.—General Calrkson called the National Republican Club convention, to-day, to order. Reports of the various committees delayed the opening of the session for a full hour. During the morning a determined effort developed to defeat A. B. Humphrey for secretary.

The committee on time and place reported in favor of Louisville as the place, and the second Wednesday in May as the time for holding the next annual convention. Hon. Milan Gallagher, of Cleveland, moved that Cleveland be substituted for Louisville.

After a spirited discussion, Louisville was chosen, and the committee's recommendation of time was also endorsed. Gen. Fairchild, of Wisconsin, presented the report of the committee on resolutions, as follows:

1—We the representatives of the Republican clubs of the United States, in convention assembled, mindful of the glorious history of the Republican party, a history luminous with heroic services, rendered our beloved country, make the following declaration of principles:

1—We most heartily endorse the wise, patriotic and statesmanlike administration of President Harrison.

2—Believing that the principles announced by the representatives of the Republican party at Minneapolis, in national convention assembled, fully expressed the sentiments of the Republican league of the United States, we therefore most cordially endorse those principles, to the end that the continued prosperity of our country may be assured.

3—The Republican party has been, from its birth, the advocate of all measures of advancement and progress. Its principles and its aims have been such as appeal to young men having the good of their country at heart. We cordially invite all young voters who believe in the prosperity and perpetuity of the Union, to unite with the political fortunes with the Republican party.

4—Resolved, That it be expressed as the sense of this convention, that the Republican press of the country is one of the most potent agencies that may be employed to promote the principles of Republicanism, and that it is worthy of the hearty encouragement and support of all Republicans.

This was adopted, as was this:

Resolved, That in the future each state and territiry shall be entitled to six delegates at large and four from each Congressional district.

Each college Republican club in the United States shall be entitled to one delegate, and each college where there is but one college in the Congressional district where the college is located, to two delegates in the national convention. The title of colleges to representation under this provision shall be subject to the action of the Executive committee. We recommend that Republicans residing in the District of Columbia, having a delegate resident in the states and territories, connect themselves with the National Republican league.

Nominations for new officers was then the order, with Col. McAlpine as temporary chairman.

W. I. Squire, of Toledo, O., was first to get the floor. He nominated Gen. J. S. Clarkson for president, to succeed himself.

By a unanimous rising vote Gen. Clarkson was elected, and Raymond, of Illinois, Blanchard, of New York, and Seamans, of California, were made a committee to notify Gen. Clarkson.

Other Officers Elected.

Next came nominations for secretary. Mr. Curtiss, of Binghamton, placed Mr. A. B. Humphrey, the present secretary, in nomination for re-election. He spoke very highly of Mr. Humphrey's executive ability. A vote was called for, and when it was taken it was found that the opposition had dropped out of sight. Humphrey was elected by acclamation.

Treasurer Lounsberry was unanimously re-elected.

When Gen. Clarkson entered the hall he was greeted with deafening cheers. Upon the stage Col. McAlpine handed him the gavel with brief complimentary words. "As a good soldier," said Gen. Clarkson' "I obey orders, and accept the honor you have conferred upon me. I had hoped you would have selected a better man."

Whitelaw Reid was escorted into the hall by a large delegation, headed by a band and 28 waving plumes.

He was given a splendidly enthusiastic reception. The convention fairly went wild for several minutes. Mr. Reid spoke briefly and the convention adjourned for dinner.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, in addressing the Woman's Association of Republican clubs, said:

There are women acquainted with history who are conscious of their patriotic devotion to the country of their birth or adoption, and who know the principles upon which the government rests. Women have no separate interests from men. No woman can afford to withhold her influence for the principles which sustain good government. This is why so many women are now engaged in political work and political study. It is too late to inquire what will be the effect of their work on woman herself. America is producing a robust womanhood, not less beautiful, and far stronger than the lily, clinging creature the poets wrote of a century ago.

Against the Riders.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 15.—The first true bill returned in any of the Homestead riot cases was returned by the grand jury yesterday. It was the case of the Commonwealth vs. Thomas Powers, Edward Barker, and divers other persons whose names are unknown. The indictment is for unlawful assemblage.

Confederate Attorney General.

Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 16.—Ex-Gov. Thomas Watts died suddenly at his home this morning. He was on the streets yesterday. He was attorney general in the Confederate cabinet, and was governor of Alabama during the civil war.

Finance and Trade.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Money Steady and a Decrease in Business Failures.

New York, Sept. 17.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say: Cholera has landed and the business of New York goes on exactly as if it had not. The selling of stocks has been quite heavy, and the decline in prices has averaged about $2 per share for all the active list. Money is in ample supply, and the demand from the interior is less than usual at this season, but large amounts are held out of the loan market by people who are looking for exceptional opportunities to buy cheaply.

There has been much talk about pestilence as an excuse for low prices for breadstuffs and cotton. But the fact is that the enormous stocks brought over from last year afford a sufficient reason for exceedingly low prices. Receipts of wheat at the principal Western ports in four days of this week have been 5,316,833 bushels, while the Atlantic exports have been only 1,065,435 bu., and it is not strange that the price has declined 3-4 cent. At 77 5-8 wheat is lower than it ever has been in New York, except two days in 1884. Corn has declined 1 1-2c in sympathy, but it is also the fact that Western advices regarding the growing crops are more favorable. Oats have fallen 1-2c, and lard is a shade weaker. In cotton there have been heavy selling, and September options are below 7 cents, though the price for spot cotton is unchanged. Oil has declined half a cent, but coffee is 3-8 stronger.

Money has been steady at four per cent, while foreign exchange has fallen so far that exports of gold are unprofitable. The Treasury has added $1,600,000 gold and $600,000 silver to its stock, while putting out $400,000 additional paper. Here, as in all parts of the country, the supply of money is ample for legitimate needs, and the shrinkage of speculation is helpful as regards the possibility of monetary pressure later.

The business failures occurring throughout the country, during the last seven days, number 182, as compared with totals of 179 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 239.

WEATHER AND CROP BULLETIN

The Corn Crop Will be Matured in Ten Days or Two Weeks.

Washington, Sept. 20.—The following is the weather crop bulletin issued by the Weather bureau:

Temperature—The week was warmer than usual in New England, over the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, the plateau regions and the north Pacific coast. The excess of temperature amounted to from two to four degrees in New England and from three to nine degrees in the Rocky mountain regions, where the week was exceptionally warm.

In the upper Mississippi valley, Lake region and along the immediate Atlantic coast, nearly normal temperature prevailed while over the region from the central Mississippi and Ohio valleys southward to the gulf, the week was decidedly cooler than usual, the deficiencies in temperature amounting to from three to six degrees.

The seasonal temperature from March 1 is normal or slightly above, along the northern border, from the Red river valley eastward to the Atlantic coast, and thence southward to North Carolina. It was also normal above in the vicinity of San Antonio, Texas, Santa Fe, N. M., and Olympia, Washington; elsewhere over the country the seasonal temperatures are below the normal, the most marked deficiencies occurring in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys.

Frosts have occurred throughout the upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys and the Lake region, and have caused some slight injury to corn, which is now being generally cut. If favorable conditions continue, corn will be safe in from ten days to two weeks.

Cotton picking has continued general except in Tennessee where it has not yet begun, and the picking of the early crop has been completed in Georgia. The week has been generally favorable for farm work and much plowing and seeding has been done.

Precipitation—With the exception of a slight fall of rain along the Northern California and Southern Oregon coasts and a light sprinkle in Northern Oregon, no rain fell during the week over the region from the Mississippi valley to the coast. Over the greater part of the country eastward of the Mississippi there was more than the usual amount of rain and from the lower lakes to the east gulf coast, the excess amounted to from 1 to 3 inches, being greatest in Southeast Michigan, Northern Alabama and on East Florida coast. In valleys, except along the coast, Southern Virginia and in portions of New York and New England the weekly rainfall was slightly below the average.

The seasonal rainfall from March 1, is in excess of the average in the state of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, in the lower lake region, portions of New England and the middle Atlantic states, and in Central and Eastern Texas, the greatest excess occurring in the upper Mississippi valley.

MICHIGAN WEATHER AND CROP.S

Potatoes the Only Poor Crop—Fruit Crop Above the Average.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 20.—This week's weather crop bulletin of the Michigan weather service bureau says that the drought which has so long retarded the growth of crops in the southern counties was finally broken on the 13th by a long, soaking rain, which had the effect of making the vegetation jump. Pastures have become green again, and farmers are talking hopefully of crops they had given up last week. Corn cutting and shocking has begun, and on the low lands the yield will be very large. Potatoes still seem to be a poor crop, but have improved since the rain. The ground is in fine condition for working, and fall seeding is going on rapidly. In other sections of the state the week has been favorable for farm work, seeding, threshing and corn cutting having progressed rapidly. Potatoes will be a better crop than at first anticipated. The fruit crop is above the average.

IOWA'S CROP IS ALL RIGHT.

The Great Corn State Will Harvest Excellent Crops.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 20.—This week's official crop report will say the past week was cool and dry, with more than the average amount of sunshine. The daily mean temperature was about three degrees below normal and light frosts occurred on the 14th, causing some damage to late crops in low places. Corn has made fair progress under adverse conditions as to temperature. On September 1 corn was as far advanced as the crop of last season on the corresponding date, but during the present month the daily average temperature has been 4½ degrees lower than in the corresponding period last year. From this comparative statement the present status of this crop may be inferred. The conditions are variable.

COTTON CROP IN BAD SHAPE.

A Week of Rains Has Changed Matters Considerably.

Charleston, S. C., Sept. 17.—A week of continuous and heavy rain has made a considerable change for the worse in the cotton fields of lower Carolina, and an abnormally cold temperature has helped the downward tendency. Up to September 1, the cotton in lower Carolina, and along the sea coast, was in a fairly good condition.

Complaints are now frequent of the rust in the upper cotton fields. The sea island crops have not been materially injured. Harvesting is progressing very slowly in this region, where it is generally in advance of the Redmonte region.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

	Sept. 20.	Sept. 13.
U. S. 4's coupons	115	115
U. S. 4's registered	114	114
U. S. 2's registered	100 bid	100 bid
Pac. 6's '95	107 bid	107 bid

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE.
Toledo, Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1892.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

Noon—Money on call easy at 3@4 per cent. Sterling exchange quiet and steady at $4.85½ for 60-day bills, and $4.86½@4.87 for demand; posted rates, $4.86½@4.88. The stock market again sank back into dullness after 11 o'clock, and some concessions in prices were made, though all all fluctuations were confined to the smallest fractions. The dealings, even among the leading shares, were barren of feature, but in the later dealings a firm temper prevailed. The market at noon was dull and firm.

3 p. m.—Money easy at 3@4 per cent. Bar silver, 83. The stock market was subjected to pressure after noon